

The February **Leatherneck** 25c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



by John D. Morris



## QUALLAH BATTOO

IT was 3 A.M. The man on watch peered out over the side. There was nothing. Quallah Battoo had been swallowed up by the tropical night. The only noises were the creaking of heavy hawsers against wood and the muffled flap of furled rigging. The very thought of being anchored in these troubled waters made the watch uneasy.

He went over to the ship's bell and gonged it six times, evenly spaced and not too loud.

"All's well," he called uncertainly, his voice a scarey thing, disembodied and trailing off into the darkness.

Below the *Friendship*'s planked decks were the makings of a precious cargo—native-grown casava, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, rice, coconuts and pepper—with more to be taken aboard the coming day. These were the priceless spices of the East Indies, which had drawn merchantmen from nearly every country. They fought among themselves; they fought pirates and they fought the natives, each greedily seeking the rare condiments that could make royal tongues water when they graced the boards of Kings.

Nobody aboard the American merchantman either heard or saw the dusky natives as they pushed away from shore in round-bottomed dugouts toward the anchored schooner. The sea was a green mirror, smooth as glass, and the stealthy natives moved over it silently.

In daytime, the casual observer might have looked upon this procession as a peaceful pepper trading call. But in the bottom of the boats, their steel blades gleaming in the dull night, were each dark-skinned man's private armament—razor edged parangs and big flat-bladed bolo knives. The Kanakas were on a mission of vengeance. They had long been incensed by the rape of their land at the hand of the various East Indian companies—England, Holland, France, Denmark, Scotland, Spain, Austria and Sweden. It mattered little that the ship they were after was American. First and foremost, it was a detested merchantman; a symbol of foreign exploitation.

As the dugouts eased up to the slimy side of the vessel, dark hands went out in search of the jury ladders, overhanging rigging, hawsers, the anchor chain—anything within reach. Then like one man, a ferocious wave came pouring in over the gunnels. Blood curdling screams split the tropical silence. Steel flashed, long lengths of tempered steel that had come from England and Austria and France in exchange for

that princely spice of spices—pepper. Two seamen and a mate were killed. The watch never knew what happened to him.

Cruising off the northern coast of Sumatra, ready to protect American merchantmen as well as lend a "diplomatic" show of force when needed, was Commodore Downes in the American frigate *Potomac*. A few stragglers who had escaped imprisonment had carried the word to him. The American merchantman *Friendship* had been subdued, its crew abducted and its wealth spoiled. They were in sorry need of help.

Convinced that a verbal demand for redress would be useless against these wild, woolly-headed natives, the commodore decided to meet treachery with treachery. He disguised his ship as a merchantman; anchored three miles off the coast of Quallah Battoo, and waited for darkness to cover his attack.

The 250 Marines and seamen aboard were commanded by Lieutenants Alvin Edson and George Terrett. On February 7, 1832 they boarded the landing boats with a six-pounder cannon, but enemy scouts had already relayed advanced knowledge of the attack back to their cohorts in the timber stockades. As the landing party approached, the Malayans opened fire. The Americans battered down the gates but the natives continued to fight fiercely.

Lieut. Edson with a party of Marines attacked a second fort situated in the rear of Quallah Battoo. The Malayans showed the same fierce obstinacy, but an old account of the battle says that they finally wilted under the steady fire and cool discipline of the Marines. The invaders forced an opening and came streaming in upon the central stronghold, a high platform mounting several cannon and alive with fighting natives. Private Benjamin Brown was killed attempting to reach the platform without the aid of a rope ladder which the defenders had cagily removed. Lieut. Edson and Privates Daniel Cole and James Hustler received serious wounds. Cole died soon after.

With the main battle over, Commander Downes ordered the town burned. As flames were eliminating the flimsy structures, reducing Quallah Battoo to ashes, a hidden jungle fort opened fire. A detachment of Marines was ordered to take it by frontal assault.

When the battle which started as a piratical incident on the *Friendship* finally ended, 150 Malayans lay doused in their own blood. The Americans counted their casualties: two men killed, two officers and nine enlisted men wounded.

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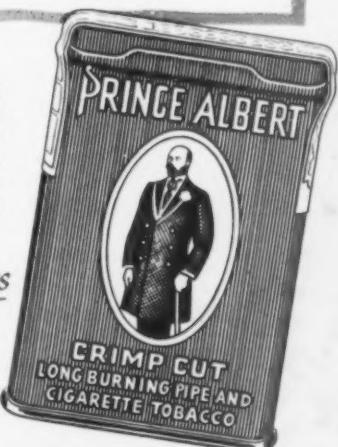
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BOTTOM OF THE BOWL!



**the national joy smoke**



A veteran of the Pacific took one look at this brittle-appearing lime and coral terrain and remarked that for a moment he though he was back

on Okinawa. This section of Aliso Beach, Camp Pendleton, was the scene of the final phase of the fall exercises. The demonstration was public

## OPERATION PENNY

HERE was a difference between Marines on the maneuver-bound transport *George Clymer* and their wartime predecessors who made World War II history at Guadalcanal, Peleliu, Cape Gloucester and Okinawa. No strained expressions marked the young faces and no frightened glances were cast toward the beach. There were no long periods of silence as worried men thought of home and happier days in the past. Replacing the tense atmosphere of actual combat was good-natured joking aimed at the youngsters with the upturned stomachs and the gum-beaters who berated the miseries of transport life.

The oldtimers considered it a good ship. There was fresh water at all times and the chow was better than average. But it was still a transport with the familiar crowded holds, the long chow lines which seemed never to end and the monotony of shipboard life. For many of the Marines, it was the first test of their sea legs. Some of them spent hours leaning over the side staring vaguely at the horizon or at the water below. Night brought a low hum of conversation from huddled groups sitting in dark corners swapping nostalgic accounts of their last LA liberty. There were the ceaseless card games, the usual complaints when the crew hosed down the decks, the working parties, the guard, the screech of bo'suns' whistles.

But the Pacific veterans who boarded the *Clymer* with the younger fry November 1, had difficulty adjusting them-

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen  
Leatherneck Staff Writer



Photos by Sgt. Frank Few  
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Aliso Beach as it looked from the position of the assaulting troops. Pendleton-trained Marines were not used to the view



The rail is a favorite lounging place for troops aboard a transport, especially after chow and before hitting the sack



Spectators occupying grandstands in the background marveled at the famous Marine-Navy "one-two punch" of wartime victory



The Seventh Marines formed the main body of troops used in the landings. They were commanded by Colonel A. B. Lasswell

## Marines of the reactivated Seventh Regiment hold their first big peacetime maneuver



An enemy "eye view" of invasion troops hitting the beach is sufficient to teach a green Marine the value of dispersion

TURN PAGE 3

**OPERATION PENNY (cont.)**



About 40 combat ships, including major units of the fleet as well as 300 Navy and Marine planes, took part in the maneuvers. The Seventh and its attached units numbered 9000.



Marines engaged in the customary gumbeating when they were jammed aboard the transports

**The oldtimers recalled**

selves to new peacetime changes. The customary blackout restrictions ended with the Japanese surrender and the smoking lamp was always lit. Many of the men were unable to suppress a guilty feeling each time they lit a cigarette after dark. Some of them out of long ingrained habit never touched a smoke after lights out. For the oldtimers aboard the transport, their first since the end of the war, it was easy to forget that hostilities were over.

The *Clymer* itself is no newcomer where invasions and Marines are concerned. She carried assault units of the Corps to Bougainville and Guam, and during the latter operation, Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd and elements of his First Brigade were aboard. Her combat career began with the landing of American troops in North Africa November 7, 1942, and was followed up by five other operations. She has the distinction of being the first attack transport to participate in two major theatres of war, the Mediterranean and the Pacific. Throughout the fleet she was known as a "lucky ship." None of her crew was ever killed during the war. Now she was again the floating home for part of a Marine division that had been intensively trained in amphibious warfare in Major General A. H. Noble's Troop Training Unit. The troops aboard her were green but before she was through with them they would know what hitting a beachhead was all about.

Most of the new men aboard looked forward to their first experience in going over the side. But for the few who had gone down cargo nets many times before, the transports and accompanying escort vessels brought back old memories of grim days, old buddies and old outfits. At times, they felt like strangers among this band of energetic youngsters. They inquired of someone if they knew someone, and after shooting the breeze for a while, a remote contact could be established with the past. Friendships were made among the recruits and veterans, and soon the newcomers were talking the salty line of the typical BARman who has gone into some shell-pocked island with the first wave. The strangeness disappeared and the operation shaped up



It has often been said that 90 per cent of war is spent in waiting. Games make good diversion

## ed grim days of the war

into a first class maneuver; fumbling in places but bent upon success.

The division's first two days aboard the transports were spent in practice landings off Coronado's Silver Strand. The ground swells were especially high, the shore surf rough, and some of the men hesitated before disembarking from their boats. In action, such hesitation might cost a man his life. A salty colonel who bore the experience of many battles in the ribbons on his chest, watched the first waves as they came ashore.

"They look like a bunch of chorus girls in a toe dance routine." His remark could hardly have been more sarcastic but hidden in his crinkly eyes was a strong admiration for these men who were learning the business of amphibious assault. The colonel was not long disappointed. The next day saw the men splashing through the surf with the same fight and determination which had won battles in the Pacific.

The Navy came in for its share of difficulties too. Landing craft coxswains broached their boats and some of them were lurched out of control by the surf. One boat carrying a mortar platoon overturned and there were exciting moments before the men scrambled safely to shore. A salty Marine technical sergeant remarked:

"I never thought I could run through a 'Hail Mary' that fast."

Somebody else volunteered the conclusion that the coxswain "couldn't handle a sailboat in a bathtub." However, the helm and tiller boys came back time after time, and before the show was over, they had the feel of their small boats and were proud of their ability to beach Marines. They pushed their tiny craft almost to the dry land of San Clemente and Aliso Beach, and each successive invasion went off with increased smoothness.

On November 12, the real attack of San Clemente began. The Army's observers had 50-yard-line seats aboard the *Tarawa* which was anchored close to the island beachhead. The focal point for the big assault was San Clemente's Pyramid Cove, a fairly sheltered inlet on the east side of the island which was supposedly not too



As the LCVP came close enough to the beach to be taken under fire by enemy weapons, troops crouched below the gunwales. The amphibious tanks of the first wave had already hit the beach



First officers ashore pause to check their situation maps. Operation Penny was designed for the training of inexperienced troops, and as a refresher course for more seasoned personnel



High ranking Marine and Navy brass were among the interested observers of the First Division landing. Some 600 colonels from the Army's Command and Staff School were also in the stands

A tree becomes an excellent OP from which to observe the enemy, or spot air strike targets

## San Clemente, Culebra of the West Coast, is rocked again by the thunder of mock invasion



After coming ashore the Marines lost no time advancing inland toward their objective, the Pendleton air strip. Intelligence data reported

that a simulated enemy force of 5700 troops were deployed in defense of the area, manning prepared positions and ready to repulse attack

well defended by the "enemy." The softening up began early on the morning of D-Day with air strikes by the Navy's new Douglas Skyraider, an attack bomber, and older Bearcats, Avengers and Helldivers. El Toro-based Marine Corsairs followed with paralyzing strafing runs. Unlike the subsequent attack on Aliso Beach, block-busters, fire bombs and rockets were dropped during the raids. Huge columns of dust and smoke hid the shore from the sea. All the while, the destroyer *Springfield* lobbed its shells onto the island.

Just before the first waves of Marines hit the beach, three rocket ships moved into close quarters and raked the cove with a terrific broadside of missiles. It was a fascinating sight for the youngbloods witnessing it for the first time. They had heard that the pre-bombardment was a great morale builder for the man who had to go after the enemy on foot, armed with rifle and grenade. Now they knew firsthand the confidence that such a bombardment might bring. At first, the softening up was so intense that it was hard to believe any form of life could possibly survive it. Then, upon second thought, they remembered battle accounts of such fights as Tarawa, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, where life did exist through an even intenser hell, and war for them took on its

grim reality. Such is the purpose of training and maneuvers.

The first invasion waves plowed ashore at 0900, following the course of dozens of other landings which had made much-assaulted San Clemente the Culebra of the West Coast. The island is about 20 miles long and two to five miles wide, lying some 56 miles southwest of Oceanside. It is uninhabited now although a Naval air station occupied part of it during the war. A few wild goats and sheep wander over the volcanic rock and ash seeking out the sparse vegetation. An Iwo veteran looking over the barren expanse of land remarked about its similarity to the volcanic islands of the Pacific. The terrain is rugged, cut by numerous steep canyons and gorges, all of which would make perfect positions for dug-in defenses.

"Imagine trying to crack that thing lined with pillboxes," a veteran of Okinawa mused. "I'll bet it would be every bit as hard as Okie to take."

**T**HE San Clemente phase of the maneuver was mostly a Navy show. The Marines merely went ashore, advanced inland a few hundred yards and then waited for the cruisers and destroyers to rock the hillsides. After that, the bug-like landing craft started moving back

toward the beach; the combat troops were picked up and returned to the *Clymer*. While aboard, they made final preparations for the closing phase of the exercise—an assault on Oceanside.

Eight waves of First Division Marines carried off the finale for the benefit of some 600 Army colonels in from the Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Staff School, and hundreds of civilian spectators who occupied bleachers at the north and south ends of Aliso Beach. Although the "enemy" forces were strictly on paper, the spectators saw an impressive demonstration of the Navy-Marine one-two punch at work; the punch that made the Japs throw in the towel after three and a half years of war.

Navy demolition teams provided the curtain-raiser by blowing up a coral reef just off the beach with 1000-pound charges of TNT. The explosions shot a salty spray into the air that was felt all the way back to the grandstands. Immediately following a pre-invasion bombardment by 55 Marine and Navy fighter planes and bombers was the timed explosion of 700 previously-planted demolition charges. Rockets left cold white streaks across the heavens and simulated ack-ack fire danced around the planes as the initial stages of "Operation Penny" got underway.

The first wave of Marines chugged ashore in amphibious tractors and tanks, spouting machine gun and cannon fire. The only serious accident of the whole show occurred in the actual landing when Sergeant Clifford R. Quinlisk of Zamora, Calif., was killed by the accidental discharge of a signal flare. A Navy photographer and two other Marines were slightly injured during the attack as assault units fanned out toward Camp Pendleton's airstrip, one of the landing objectives.

As the attack drove inland, specialists on the beach quickly erected a pontoon pier to moor the larger vessels loaded with supplies. This revolutionary development in the rapid advancement of amphibious tactics was unveiled to the public for the first time. Other shore party groups waded through the surf unloading artillery, tanks and heavy mechanized equipment, the kind of stuff which made the Japanese believe that the Americans had come to build bridges

instead of fight. A group of the Army's future generals who had tossed the textbooks aside for this maneuver, were given a practical demonstration in naval gunfire, one of the most devastating types of barrages practiced in the last war. Also exhibited were air support, amphibious communication techniques and shore party logistics, the factors which tie together the complex elements of a three-dimensional invasion force.

The invasion force was organized around Major General Graves B. Erskine's First Division. The main body of troops were in the reactivated Seventh Marines, which under the latest tables of organization, has been changed from a regiment to a reinforced battalion. Artillery was provided by the Eleventh Marines with a shore party from the Seventeenth Marines. A token force of the Sixth Marines was also present, plus tank, reconnaissance and amphibious tractor units.

The Navy used 40 combat ships comprising

the First Task Fleet, commanded by Vice Admiral George D. Murray. It included the battleship *Iowa*, the carrier *Tarawa*, the cruiser *Springfield* and various transports, destroyers, submarines and auxiliary vessels. Over 300 Navy and Marine aircraft participated in the combined operation to bring the total strength to approximately 9000 men. The overall commander was Rear Admiral A. D. Struble.

The exercise was one of five which took place last year to keep the nation's military might burnished and in trim. Similar exercises involving thousands of men, ships, planes and ultramodern weapons were run off in farflung places scattered halfway around the world—from China to the coast of Florida. It doesn't indicate that the U.S. is spoiling for a fight, the strategists point out. However, it does mean that a vigorous flexing of Uncle Sam's muscles will keep him fit, and perhaps prolong the peace.

END



Marines take advantage of captured "enemy" positions as they make a drive on the airport. It took two days to complete the mission



Following the advance of forward elements were the communications men who strung telephone lines connecting outlying command posts



A Navy corpsman also gets a little practice in his duties under field conditions. During the war each platoon rated one corpsman



An incongruous sidelight of the invasion was the appearance of an ice cream vendor on the beach. Needless to say, sales were good



Sixteen midget autos, bear down two abreast in the opening contest of the 1947 Eastern championship runs at Mechanicsburg, Pa. This 50-lap

classic, to determine the champion of dare-devils, brought together 32 of the country's greatest drivers in Ford and Offenhauser racers

# MIGHTY MIDGETS

by Corp. Donald Edgemon  
Leatherneck Staff Writer



Midgets from California to Massachusetts were towed on trailers to the track. Drivers checked in at the judges stand for starting positions

**F**OR at least 10 months out of the year thrill-seeking customers buzz through the turnstiles of some 1500 race tracks throughout the United States to see the mighty mid-gents and their drivers burn themselves out in classic contests of speed and daring. In the latter-day years, the take from paid admissions has topped the \$30,000,000 figure.

Psychiatrists might write off the nation's present automobile racing craze as something basic like man's insatiable desire for speed. That may be true for the drivers, but it doesn't fit the fans. To understand fully how the sport found its niche from the point of view of spectator appeal along with basketball, baseball, football and boxing, one must go back to the early days of the automobile and a guy named Kohlsaat.

In the late 1800s there appeared on the streets of Detroit a strange looking contraption which frightened horses and made pedestrians mad as hell. It was a horseless wagon, come to replace old Dobbin and the carriage. People were afraid of them and you couldn't have loaded Grandpa into one of the new fangled things with a derrick.

But there was one man, H. H. Kohlsaat, a red hot newspaperman and publisher of the Chicago *Times Herald*, who was far sighted enough to see the sporting possibilities of the new invention. For months he toyed with the idea of staging an automobile race, the first such event in history. On July 9, 1895, the *Herald* published the race date and the course. The first route chosen was from Milwaukee to Chicago but had to be changed due to inadequate roads. The course finally selected was from Chicago to Libertyville, Ill., then east to Waukegan and back to the "Windy City"—a total of 92 miles.

As the day of the race drew near, public interest mounted. Kohlsaat had received enough entries to stage the race but many sportsmen begged him to postpone the event for a month

**Photos by Louis Lowery**

Leatherneck Photographic Director

Little cars are the  
big money-makers in  
today's racing craze



Drivers Charley Miller, Earl Whitehouse and Larry Bloomer, left to right, help Buddy Powers with the timing of an Offenhauser engine



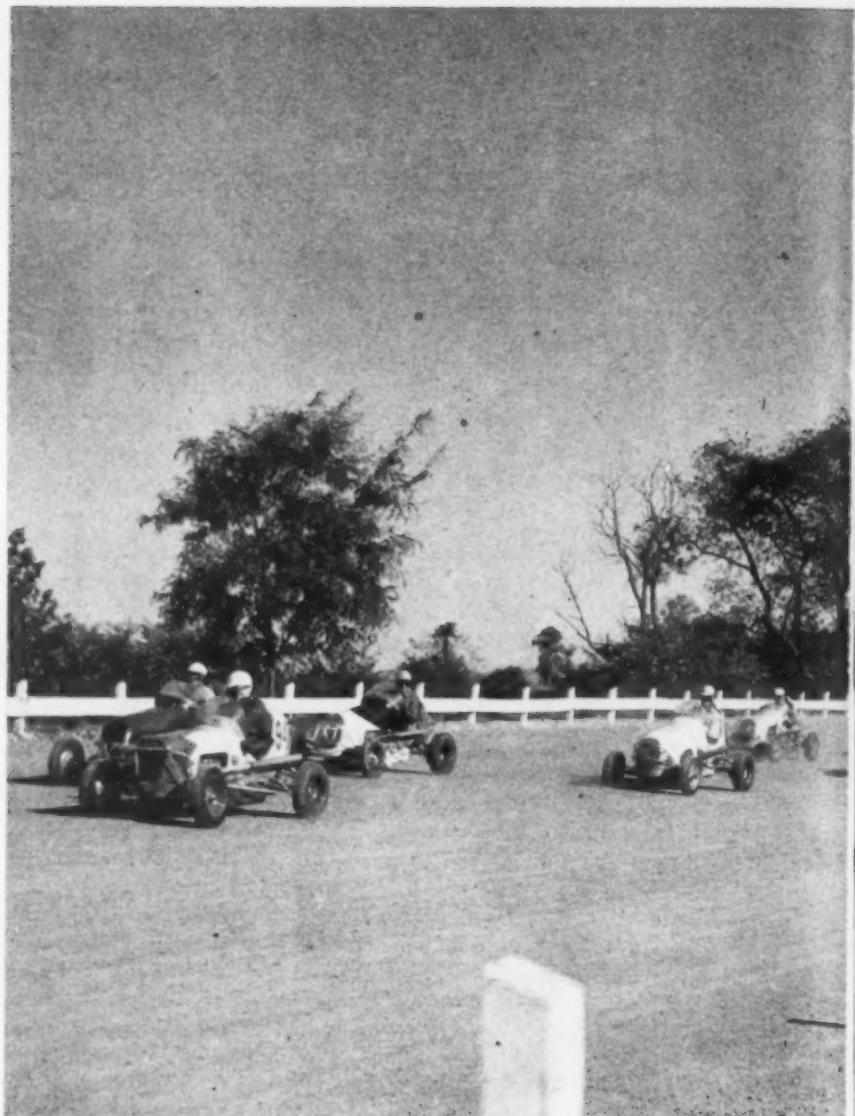
Mechanics in the pits labor over the tiny but powerful motors to keep them in peak condition for competition

## MIGHTY MIDGETS (cont.)

**Heavy schedules keep midgets  
in high gear six days a week**



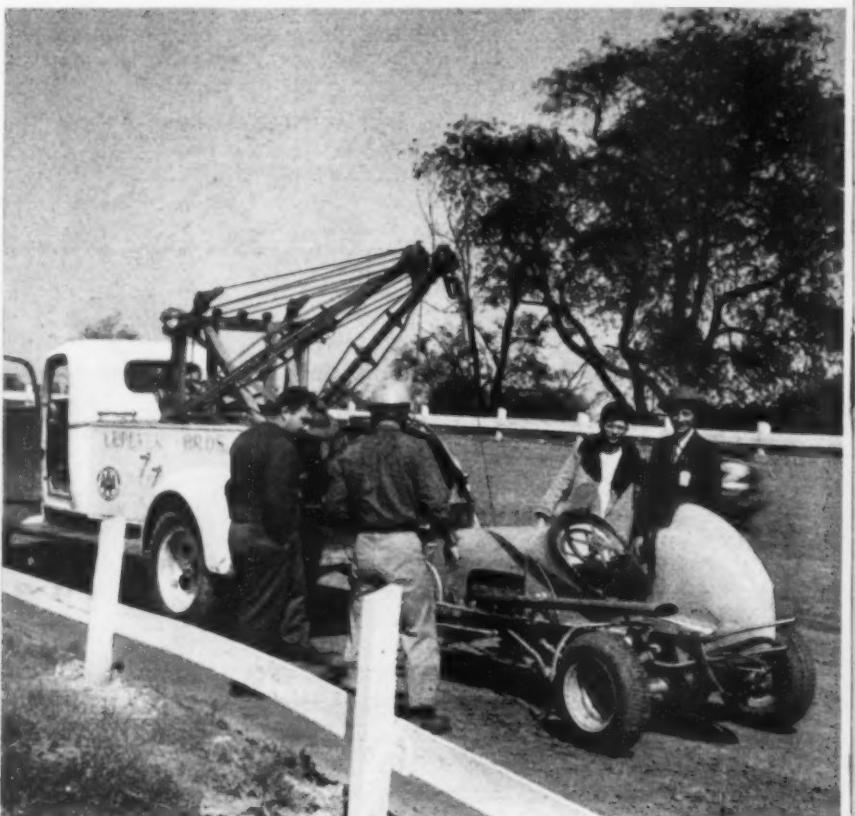
Earl Whitehouse and his mechanic, Buddy Powers, keep their secret fuel blend well-hidden from the view of other drivers



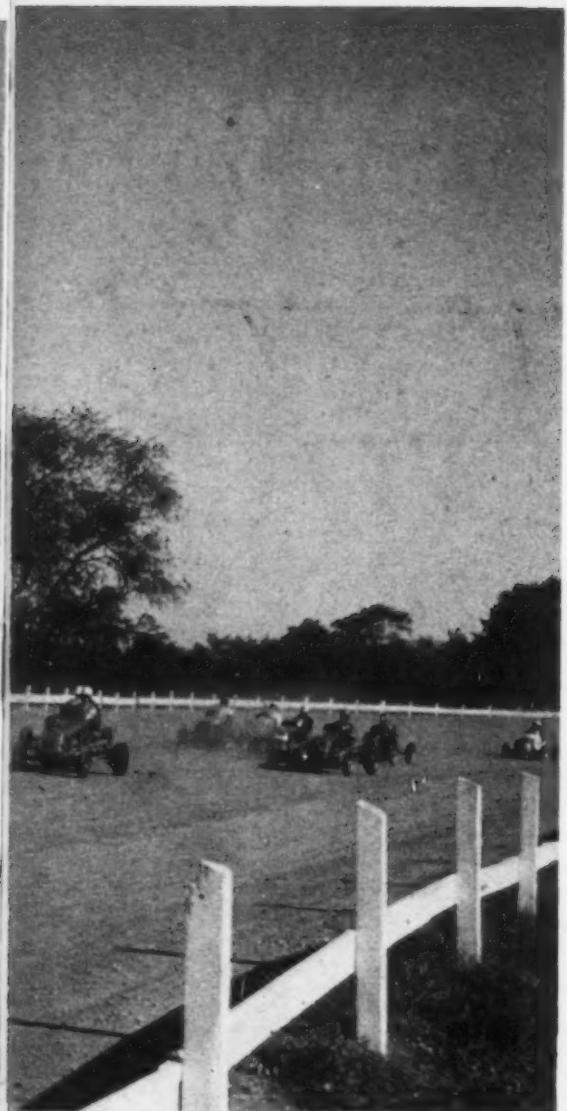
Warm-up trials such as these are considered a "must" by drivers. They not only familiarize



Unlike pleasure cars, midgets are not equipped with starters of their own. Joe Sostilio gets off with the help of a truck



On the first turn of his warm-up trial, Art Gottier's midget threw a wheel. Mechanics repaired it in time for the first race



the dare-devils with track conditions, but also may reveal mechanical defects prior to a race



so they could prepare their "motorcycles." The publisher, being something of a showman, sensed the possibilities of a greater race with more cars and agreed to postpone the affair.

"We will hold the grand race on Thanksgiving Day," the *Herald* announced, "but that date will be absolute, final and unchangeable."

Instead of cancelling all action on the original date, Kohlsaat offered a preliminary contest with a \$500 prize. This he staged as a preview for the big Thanksgiving Day contest.

Just two men, J. Frank Duryea and Oscar Mueller, entered the first race. Duryea took an early lead, but didn't hold it long. A short distance from the starting line he encountered a loaded hay wagon. He yelled at the farmer to pull over. The confused farmer finally did pull over—to the left instead of the right. To avoid a collision, Duryea plunged his machine into a ditch.

Mueller's luck held out for that first event and he managed to cross the finish line without a mishap. He did the 92 miles in 9 hours, 22½ minutes. As fantastic as it may seem, Mueller averaged only 10 miles per hour.

Three days before the big race Kohlsaat announced he had received 83 entries from 16 states. But, along with the good news, came an unexpected change in the weather. A heavy sleet storm that was

followed by an eight-inch snowstorm whipped through Chicago and its suburban areas. Once again pleas poured in for another postponement. But Kohlsaat wouldn't alter his decision.

"The race goes on," he said.

The weather presented several problems. Kohlsaat's original 83 entries dropped to six and he was forced to shorten the course to a lake-shore run to Evanston.

Thousands of people gathered at Jackson Park that blustery day to see the start of the contest. Duryea and Mueller, two of the six entries, piloted the same horseless wagons they had driven in the earlier race. R. H. Macy Company, the New York department store, entered its "Roger Machine."

"Ready," yelled the starter. "Get up your power," he shouted, pointing at Duryea.

The word "go" echoed across the track and the cars were off with a clatter of gears and a swirl of smoke.

The Macy entry took an early lead, but seconds later it slid on the street car tracks and crashed into the rear of a horsecar. An electrically-driven car stopped when its batteries failed, and another entry was forced to withdraw soon after the race got underway. Duryea and Mueller were the only drivers left in the running. They had learned a few tricks in this new trade as a result of the first race. Both had put ice packs around their motors to keep them cool. They had wrapped twine around their tires and sanded their transmission belts to keep them from slipping.

Duryea completed the 55-mile course in 11 hours to take the first-place prize of \$2000. Mueller collected \$1500 for second place.

Kohlsaat's idea caught on and stories of the "motorcycle" race appeared in newspapers throughout the country. Automobile company engineers immediately started building faster cars and by 1908 their work was paying dividends. During that year's Vanderbilt Cup race, the winning car, a Locomobile Company entry, registered an amazing speed of 64 miles per hour. It opened up a new era for the automobile.

In the year 1913, a Pasadena, Calif., high school student, Stuart Morrison, designed and built not only the first midget car, but also the first midget engine. His motor was a one-cylinder job which he designed as a student project in the school's machine shop. Morrison combined the wheels and axles of an early model Stanley Steamer with a transmission from a one-cylinder Oldsmobile. When news of his achievement spread throughout the state, other students attempted to duplicate his feat.

Culver City, Calif., was in its early stages of development at the time. Real estate promoters had grandiose plans for a new town with a "white way" and paved streets. The concrete was hardly dry before suggestions for a midget auto race started to pour in. It was pointed out that it would be a good means of acquainting Californians with the new development. The real estate men agreed and helped lay plans for America's first midget auto race, scheduled for December, 1913.

Thousands of Californians gathered for the admission-free inaugural run in which 12 midgets were on deck. The cars were chain-driven, a system common to passenger vehicles of the time. Morrison's racer was the only one not using a motorcycle engine for its power. Since most of the owners had no names for their contraptions, they simply used the name of the family car that had towed them to the track. Starting positions were selected by lots instead of the present-day qualifying trials. The cars and the drivers lined up two abreast in the following order: Sid Holland, Hugh Phillips, Percy McFadden, Matt Haynes, Eddie McClure, Stuart Morrison, Alex Pabst, Al Hetzel, Ray Reese, Eddie Sherwood, Al Austria and Bob Puissegur.

The starter fired his gun and mechanics began pushing. Holland in the number one slot with a Duesenberg couldn't even get off the starting line. His mechanics exhausted their supply of "push power" and his car died at the outset.

Alex Pabst took an early lead in his Stutz with Ray Reese in second place driving a Velie. Two other contestants were forced to drop out of the race cutting the field to nine. Hugh Phillips' Peugeot developed coil trouble and Al Hetzel's Stutz lost a wheel.

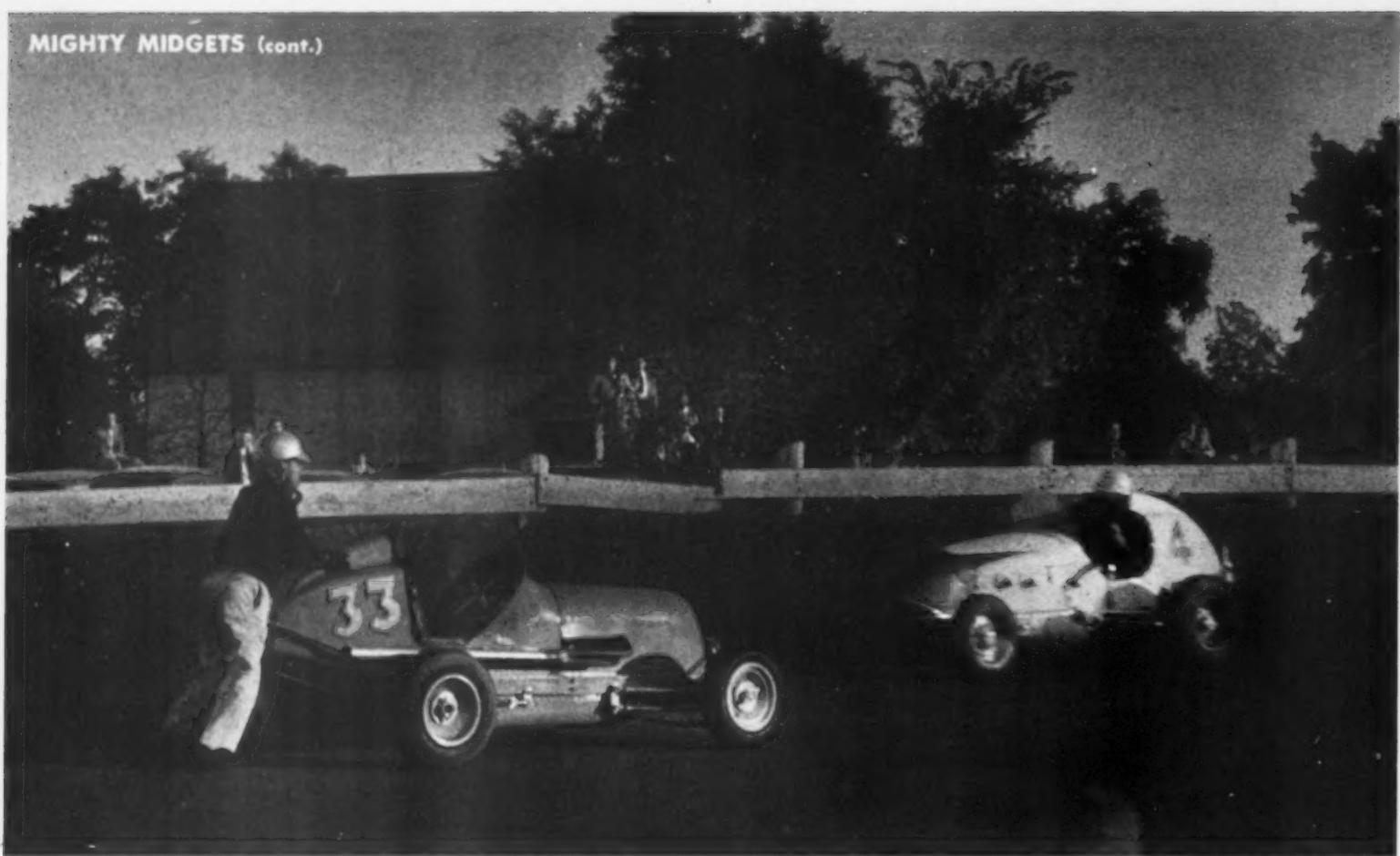
The course for the remaining cars was 10 laps around an eight-block square track. One block from the starting line the racers turned left; in another two blocks they turned left again. They screeched around a third left turn two blocks farther and headed for the fourth turn, with one block to go down the home stretch.

At the half-way mark, the frame of Matt Haynes'



Ex-Navy Lieutenant John Giacofci's number "4" Offie, driven by veteran Mike Joseph, is whipped expertly around a turn and heads for the back stretch at 90 miles an hour

MIGHTY MIDGETS (cont.)



A near-crash occurred in the championship tilt when Dee Toran's car spun completely around on the first turn. He leaped behind the racer

and waved onrushing cars to the right or left of his stalled midget. When the field thinned out his car was pushed safely off the track

## The drivers live next door to death and enjoy it



Starter Bill Nelson flags Sostilio down as his last burst of speed brings him first under the wire in a hot preliminary race



Joseph barreled his way to the 1947 Eastern championship in Giacofe's neat \$9000 GI Loan-purchased Offenhauser Special

"Eno" broke, causing the car to wilt in the middle. Haynes suffered a "hot seat," resulting from the friction of his trousers dragging on the ground. He had to withdraw from the race. Later, during the eighth lap, Percy McFadden, Eddie Sherwood and Al Austria dropped out, leaving four men to fight it out to the finish.

As the remaining midgets sped into their final lap, Ray Reese took a commanding lead which he held to the end. Alex Pabst finished a length behind Reese while Morrison came in third followed by Eddie McClure in his Duesenberg.

So successful was the event that during the next four years similar midget races were staged in other parts of the "Sunshine State." The sport died out during World War I and between the period 1918 and 1933, midget auto racing remained almost at a stand-still. The rebirth of the midgets came about on a fall afternoon in 1934 when a man by the name of Fred Offenhauser pushed a sleek, new midget racer onto the Gilmore Stadium track at Los Angeles. For many months Offenhauser had worked on a small-scale car with a big, powerful engine. He persuaded Jack (Curly) Mills, a big car driver, to handle his new creation in its inaugural run. The added speed and power of Offenhauser's car put new fascination into the midget racing sport. Offenhauser later started building similar cars for other drivers. Today his name is synonymous with midget racing on every track in the country.

Midget racing was born in California, but it did its growing up on the race courses of the east. New York's Kingsbridge Armory last winter averaged 7000 fans twice weekly for 20 weeks at prices ranging from \$1.20 to \$2.40 a ducat. Although California, Ohio and Indiana have the largest number of tracks per state, nearly 18 large midget outfits have recently been opened between Boston and Washington, D. C.

Since there are more than 20 different racing organizations throughout the country, each with its own speed records and officials, world records cannot be officially established. Drivers join a circuit and usually compete at the tracks which are sanctioned by their organization. For example, the American Race Driver's Club which operates on the east coast has enough tracks to keep its speedsters busy every day of the week. On Monday they may appear in Philadelphia; Tuesday it may be Norfolk; Wednesday at Richmond; Thursday at Philly again; Friday at Lanham, Md., and Saturday at Allentown, Pa. The routine can be varied to suit the drivers. Some men prefer one track over another and will arrange their race dates accordingly.

Today's midget purses are a great deal larger than the prize money of the early days. One important race in the California Rose Bowl offers a \$30,000 purse. Prize money is split among owners and drivers on a 60-40 percent basis, the owner receiving the larger figure.

The drivers and their pit crews must work as a team. Their ability to maintain and tune the midget cars to peak performance often spells the difference between victory and defeat. Midget motors are especially sensitive, and in many cases even atmospheric conditions will affect their operation. In order to be prepared for such things, drivers often appear at a race with eight and 10 different grades of spark plugs in their supply kits.

The practice laps taken before a race are actually staged to allow a testing of the motors. If motor

timing is off, the driver will remove a spark plug and measure its degree of dampness by holding it against the palm of his hand. This is how they determine whether a set of plugs is suited to prevailing atmospheric conditions.

One of the most deeply guarded secrets among midget drivers is their fuel blend. Most drivers have secret combinations consisting of a white gasoline base to which they add lead and benzol in varying amounts. Others use high octane aviation fuel which is made anti-knock by additions of lead compound. Pit crewmen, commonly known as "stooges" at the tracks, keep fuel cans covered and well-guarded at all times. Although one driver will often help his competitor time an engine or show him an improvement, he will never reveal his fuel mixture.

**T**HE midget spot in the past 10 years has become heavily burdened by superstitions. When a driver cracks up there is usually some reason other than faulty driving attributed to the accident. Jack Mills, driver of the first Offenhauser, once rolled over three times in the Madison Square Garden Bowl and was rushed to a New York City hospital with a fractured skull and broken collar bone.

"I ate peanuts in the pit," one of his mechanics later confessed.

Mills' pit man had violated one of midget racing's major taboos. However, a dressing room attendant said he thought the accident occurred because Mills had combed his hair before the race. He had never done that before. Drivers also believe that to suddenly discontinue a habit will bring bad luck.

After analyzing Mills' accident it became obvious that he would never have fractured his skull had he worn the regulation "crash helmet" rather than his "lucky" football headgear.

Drivers often refuse to sign autographs or have their pictures taken before a race. They always enter their cars from the side opposite the exhaust pipe and nearly all of them carry some "lucky charm," such as baby shoes, old licenses or goggles. To these odds and ends they credit their good fortune.

As in horse racing, midget auto racing has a jargon all its own. In "the sport of kings" a winning mount is "booted home," whereas a midget driver will "crack 'er home." Anyone standing near the pit of ex-Marine Ernie McCoy prior to the '47 Eastern Championship Race at Mechanicsburg, Pa., might have heard him snap at his stooges:

"I cracked the crate on the back turn, pulled a gilhooley and peeled a shoe."

The uninitiated fan would be properly snowed at such talk. An oldtime track fan would simply interpret:

"McCoy opened up his car on the back turn, went into a spin and blew a tire."

From the standpoint of the fans, midget racing supplies a great deal of excitement. But how about the drivers? How do they fare in this precarious sport?

The entire picture is not all dark for speed demons. In the first place, most of them have racing in their blood. They enjoy the thrill of a close call. They nurse their cars as though they were babies. Professional drivers, competing two or three times a week during 10 months of the year, earn anywhere from \$100 to \$1000 a week when the going is good. But since these earnings are uncertain, many drivers have businesses in their home towns to stabilize their incomes.

A midget auto in tip-top shape, costing in the neighborhood of \$8,000, can attain a top speed of 140 miles per hour on the straightaway. A full-time staff of mechanics is required in order to attain this kind of perfection. After each contest, cars are usually dismantled and completely checked for "bugs." Good midgets are temperamental. They must be tuned expertly to be kept in the money.

Although the career of Rex Records may not be typical of all midget speedsters, it is a pretty good example of what happens in the life of a driver. Rex has burned up tracks for the past 12 years from New York to Florida, sustaining at various times a broken nose, punctured lung, shattered ribs and the loss of half of his front teeth.

Records' first midget accident occurred in 1939 on a Philadelphia track where his car overturned splintering his ribs. One year later he sailed over the fence at Paterson, N. J., leaving his front teeth in a two inch plank.

"Saved me a trip to the dentist," says Rex.

During the annual Danbury, Conn., fair in 1940, Records was involved in an accident that nearly cost him his life. A broken oil line caused his car to spin off the track and over a guard rail. That mishap cost him a punctured right lung. After months of being strapped to a hospital bed, he slowly recovered and once again started thinking of his favorite pastime.

"My wife lived in Danbury," Rex recalls, "and I used to sit on the roof of the house and look through binoculars across the fields to the track. Why I ever decided to go back to that madhouse is a mystery to me. I must have been loony."

Records, like all midget drivers, cannot be certain about tomorrow. The possibility of accidents is always great and these men who have lived so long under misfortune's shadow come to view life with a sense of doubt. But try to convince one of them that the time has come for him to quit the game. It is impossible.

END

Ernie McCoy traded a career as a Marine flyboy for this sport



The captain approached on his PF-Cycle



# gunther rides alone

Classification experts struck a roadblock and their final decision awarded our hero a fate worse than Parris Island



by Gunther Gherkin

THE other day I finished my second all-expense tour of boot camp at Parris Island. My platoon celebrated the end of hostilities by throwing a small party in the swamp, followed by our old D.I.

The D.I. struck out for shore, carrying his swagger stick between his teeth, while the platoon called cadence for his flutter kick. But the small party (that's me) stayed under water, the result of having a stone tied around my neck. It was all in fun, really. I had told the fellows I had been in this amphibious outfit so long I could breathe under water, and they were seeing whether I told the truth.

As I sank to the bottom of the swamp I realized I was in a ticklish spot. I had left my gills back at the barracks in my locker box. My vision blurred and I saw ticklish spots before my eyes. Taking a firm hold on the rock I hurled it in the general direction of the shore. I shot to the surface and pancaked on the bank, screaming for help.

I thought I was croaking, but after digging a few clams out of my ears, I saw that all the noise was being made by a fat guy in unpressed greens who sat on the bank.

"Howdy, blub," the stranger said. "Who are you?"

"Gherkin of the Sea Horse Marines," I replied proudly. "Oldest amphibious outfit in the world."

"That outfit," the guy sneered. "Mine is a million times older than your Corps."

"Yeah?" I sneered, sneering out several minnows. "What are you?"

"A frog," he answered.

Just then about 75 tadpoles swam up to the shore and fell into formation.

"Dismissed," thundered the frog, and his platoon of tadpoles splashed water and mud all over

me as they scrambled up the bank and into an upper hole.

"Boots," explained the frog. "Jug O'rum?"

"No thank you," I replied politely. "I never touch the stuff."

The frog was so surprised his eyes stuck out. "What outfit did you say you're in?"

"The Marines," I explained patiently. "We were the people who hit every beach in the Pacific during the war except Waikiki."

"Don't sound like the old Corps—not hitting Waikiki."

"We were too exclusive for that place," I said. "The Army and Navy had to share the Royal Hawaiian, but we had Camp Catlin all to ourselves."

"What unit?" the frog asked, tossing a one-a-day, vitamin-enriched fly down his throat.

"I was with Colonel Gifel's Liberty Raiders," I said modestly. "Our outfit was decimated one Saturday night on King Street. Only a handful ever survived to reach the Ginza, and but three men were left to strike a final blow for liberty at the Grand Hotel de Pekin."

"That hand-to-hand stuff lost us a lot of good men," croaked the frog.

"Not as many as we lost through dancing cheek-to-cheek," I said.

The sound of blows and cries of pain informed me that our D.I. was giving the platoon some last minute instructions, so I left the frog at the bank where he was drawing the interest of an unprincipled crocodile, and joined the ranks.

I was late in getting to my place, so the D.I. came over and spoke softly to me for a moment, gently chiding me for being tardy. I promised to buy him a new swagger stick to replace the one he had lost down my throat.

"Men," he said gruffly, tears in his eyes—my tears that had splashed on him. "When I say

this is the best platoon I ever brought through boot camp, I am not saying it because you happen to be my first platoon. I'm saying it because the heat's got me." And he did three somersaults, a back flip, and jackknifed through the nearest messhall window.

The crash of glass brought an officer to the scene. He approached on a PF-Cycle. This consisted of an old bicycle chassis mounted on two fleet Marines. Most Marines are taller but this cycle had a low wheel base. The officer was piped to the deck. Not having a bosun's pipe handy we used a length of lead pipe.

As the officer picked himself up and prepared to address us we froze to attention, since he was none other than Captain Bigwheel, and besides it was cold, we were at the north end of Parris Island.

"Men," Capt. Bigwheel said, "It is difficult for me to speak without my voice breaking. That, however, is natural with us boys. In a year or two I will no longer speak in tenor verbs and bass nouns."

"Men, today you are getting your new assignments and posts in the Corps. Many of you may rise to high places in the service. You know our slogan, 'Boots today—lieutenants tomorrow.'"

We gave three lusty cheers and the Parris Island yell during which our section cheer leader did three somersaults, a back flip and followed our D.I. through the broken messhall window.

The captain continued: "Your future assignment in the Corps has been worked out by classification. Perhaps you would like to know the results of your interviews at classification. Very well, men, I will tell you. Thirty men have been classified as reptiles, 15 as birds, eight as flowers, 17 as fish, and you, Gherkin, are a caterpillar."

I remembered not having shaved but the two

antennae were a mystery to me. Seizing them in a frenzy of indignant fury I tore them out by their roots. They turned out to be wild rice which was sprouting in my ears from seeds I had picked up in the swamp.

"You men are very lucky," said the captain. "In the old days there was a hit or miss system of classification in which a man might, by some chance, be assigned to something he didn't like or couldn't do. Today all that is changed. A new system has been worked out by scientific methods and trained experts."

I knew the captain was telling the truth about the trained experts. I saw the train they came in on.

"These experts," Capt. Bigwheel continued, "have made a careful study of your intelligence, aptitudes, previous experience and individual work as recruits. The new system has been founded on their observations. A sergeant will now pass among you with a punchboard and each man gets one chance."

I could hardly wait to punch out the little slip of folded paper to find out what my destiny would be. I thought of all the glamorous posts and the dangerous assignments of intrigue in those foreign ports. Then I thought of Paris. It wasn't too much to hope for . . . ah, for the gay Bohemian life of duty in Paris . . . I was overcome and bellied at the top of my lungs 'Viva la France!' A fellow in front of me turned around, stuck out his chin, glared at me and hissed 'Viva la Brooklyn'. I shut up.

Well, my dreams were my own anyway. The sergeant was making the rounds and some of the men were shoving off with loud cries of delight while a few who were disappointed drew their bayonets, but when they threatened to end it all, the kind sergeant gave them another chance.

At last it was my turn. But, alas, as the sergeant stood before me, I could see that there were no more chances. The punchboard looked like a sieve. I felt sorry for the sarge. He said:

"Gherkin, I don't want you to be disappointed. You too, deserve a punch." And he gave it to me on the left jaw.

When I came to I was being carried into the brig. I tried to find out what I had done but they told me later that I had been UWOL, Unconscious Without Leave. Inside the brig they stood me up, and in my sadness and disgrace I threw myself on the bed (with the help of the guards) and broke three ribs on it. An hour later I was logged in.

The procedure of logging in the brig is very tiring. First they strip you to the skin, then they search you for weapons, then they strip off the skin, search you for weapons, and then give you back your weapons. You get your skin back with your uniform when the semester is over.

Two days later I was released and when I clanked out of the clink I was once again called before my Commanding Officer, Capt. Bigwheel. He was a fine-looking officer, his chest covered with decorations . . . colored lights, candy canes, curtains, pictures, tinsel and pinup lamps.

"Gherkin," he said as I stood before him, "we are having trouble finding a spot for you in the Corps."

"What about the one I was always on during the war, Sir?" I asked.

He ignored my question. "Why is it that you were in the Corps all through the war and never reached a higher rank than PFC, although you were in the brig so many times they built a revolving door for you?"

"It was my hot temper, Sir," I answered. "I was always ready to fight at the drop of a hat."

"Ah, a fighting man. And how did you make out?"

"I was usually wearing the hat," I admitted. "I hold a few decisions over Army men."

"Yes," he said. "The Salvation Army, according to my records."

"They were bigger than I was," I replied.

"Damn, man!" the captain shouted, his normally red face turning scarlet, "Size doesn't mean a thing. It's all science, and skill. The Japs outnumbered the Corps, but what happened when we met them on the field of battle?"

"I didn't meet any there," I said. "But I know what happened when we met them in Yokosuka, Taura, and the Yoshihara . . ."

"Gherkin," the captain said sternly, "I have yet to decide just where to send you. I want to ask you a few questions. Perhaps I will discover something for which you are fitted."

"It won't be my uniform," I said, throwing the loose end of my hashmark around my throat like a scarf.

"What's the matter with that arf, arf, uniform?" the captain barked. "It was good enough for the men with John Paul Jones, the heroes of North Africa, the stormers of Montezuma, the winners at Belleau Wood, the matchless courage of those at Iwo, Saipan, Guadalcanal . . ."

"That's just the point, Sir," I said. "Don't you think it's about time the suit was surveyed?"

"Nonsense. Why, look at those trousers. They fit you like a glove."

"I know," I said. "But really, Sir, two pant-legs are enough."

"Silence," he growled. "Are you ready to be questioned?"

"Certainly," I answered. "Shoot."

HE pulled out his pistol and fired. "I'm glad to see you are wearing your steel vest," he said. "That was your first test question. If you hadn't been wearing your vest, you would have been sent to the bull gang at once. Why didn't you win any medals during the war?"

"I almost won a Good Conduct Medal," I said. "But the guy I almost won it from filled his full house and I missed on an inside straight."

"Why were you never cited for bravery?"

"I was too active, Sir. I always moved out before the enemy moved in. Besides, Sir, I was in those hot climates so long I was physically affected. I got a bad case of warm heart, and couldn't bring myself to fight."

"And is that why you were never promoted?"

"Oh no, Sir. The reason I wasn't promoted is that I served too long in the Arctic, and got a cold nose. I wasn't able to shout commands distinctly through my frozen proboscis, so I remained a humble PFC."

The captain looked thoughtful for a moment, and then he said, "Gherkin, you are a classification nightmare."

"If it's all the same to you, Sir," I said, "I would prefer something military and dangerous. Are they still using men as Heavy Lifters for the WRs?"

"What do you care what we're using men for?" he cried angrily. "We're trying to find a place for you. I have an idea. I think we will use you in the biological warfare division. We will exhibit you internationally as an example of what biology can do, and the enemy countries will be so discouraged they will quit producing people."

"I don't think that will work," I said. "I flunked biology when I studied it."

"I have another idea for you," the captain mused. "It depends on your military knowledge. Tell me, what does a thoughtful man always take on a long march?"

"How thoughtful?" I parried.

"A very thoughtful man."

"His automobile," I said.

"Gherkin," the captain complimented me, "you are positively a crawling Landing Force Manual. When was your last promotion?"

"In 1935, Sir," I answered, saluting with my left hand over the right eye.

"To what were you promoted?"



"Temporary warrant to fourth grade, Sir," I replied.

"Line or technical?"

"Grade school," I said.

"Well, from now on you may consider yourself an honorary member of the fifth grade. Tell me, how should a scout always advance?"

"Forward," I said stiffly. He had me lashed to a post.

"And how should he retreat?"

"To the rear."

"Gad," the captain whispered, twisting his moustache and my arm, "This man positively reeks with knowledge of tactics and strategy, liver and onions, sake and foo-foo powder. Gherkin, what's the difference between tactics and strategy?"

"Why, Sir," I answered, "strategy is the fool-proof plan of attack the generals work out in Washington."

"And tactics?"

"That's the science of making an entrenching tool fly faster than a bullet. 'Root Devil Dog or fly,' that's my motto."

"Gherkin," the captain said to my face, having finished wiping his feet on it. "I have just the place for you—the Counter-Intelligence Corps. You shall be a roving agent, and the further you rove, the better we'll like it. Are you ready to leave at once?"

"At once, Sir."

"Fine. Remember, your destination is a military secret. Talk to no one, say nothing, do nothing, keep quiet, give no information, offer no opinions, enter no conversations or taverns, avoid women, and conduct yourself like a Marine."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," I said humbly. "But haven't you just given me contradictory orders?"

"Yes," he shouted. "Now carry them out!"

The captain reached in his desk and gave me my weapons.

"Sir," I asked, "where am I going and what is my assignment that I must carry this .60 caliber snicker-snee, this repeating petard, and this double-bladed sling-shot?"

"I can't tell you," the captain replied. "It's so secret that even you will never be told. Now, move out!"

The captain drove me to the dock, then kindly unhitched me from the wagon. He then patted me on the back in such a manner that I landed in Beaufort Bay. "Swim toward the red and green lights," he called. "That's your train."

The tide carried me half-way to Port Royal, where a new future in the Corps awaited me. As I was tired of swimming, I asked a passing alligator to help me with my load, and he obligingly carried off my right leg. Thus assisted, I made it to the train, and took my place in the berth reserved for me between the engine and the coal car. I settled myself comfortably as the powerful train started out, and I slept peacefully on the all-night run. The next morning, when I awoke, a terrible sight met my eyes. We were in Beaufort.

END

by Henry J. Felsen



# Pappy Cappy

by Leonard Riblett

Legion, served as its commander in 1929, and as national vice commander of the Legion in 1937. For the last 24 years he has been a national representative of the Legion, and has made two official trips to Europe, once in 1927 as California's delegate-at-large and once in 1937 as a guest of the governments of France and Italy at the dedication of the Chateau-Thierry memorial.

He is a man who enjoys life immensely and has a lot of fun with the people in it. There was one time, for instance, when a sympathetic idiot, female variety, asked Cappy how he had lost his leg. He is greatly annoyed by this type of character because it can do great harm to a disabled veteran not as well adjusted as Cappy. So he told her it was the result of an infected toenail. The woman went away perfectly satisfied.

Off and on, Cappy has been technical adviser for various motion picture studios in Hollywood and has helped many veterans to get work in the picture industry. He has tried his hand at acting, too, having played the role of a French officer in "What Price Glory," but he doesn't think too much of his histrionic ability. To earn a living, he started in the real estate business, then switched to automobiles.

Pearl Harbor made Cappy, who was then 49, sore as hell. Being an ex-Marine he wanted to get into the fight. And he did, although it took him until February to do it. He applied for enlistment and finally received special permission from the Commandant, who was then General Thomas Holcomb. Before taking the oath, he had to waive his disability rights, which meant jeopardizing the pension



## World War I had hit him hard, but he rejoined the Corps after Pearl Harbor

OUT in the San Fernando valley, which was a passably popular place even before they wrote a song about it, lives Staff Sergeant Salvatore A. Capodice, a legendary man whose friends are legion and whom Marines of two World Wars call "Cappy."

Cappy served his country with honor in these wars. What is more, he served throughout World War II with one leg, having lost the other in France better than a quarter-century ago. Now that he has put his uniform away for the second time, Cappy has become the embodiment of the typical ex-Marine, in the highest sense of the word. Semper Fidelis is a way of life for Sgt. Capodice.

In 1917, when Woodrow Wilson asked that a state of war be declared with Germany, Cappy took it as a personal request. Cappy moved out of his Chicago home and into the barracks at Parris Island. (Even in these days of critical housing there are better places to live than Parris Island.) They cut off his hair and told him he could not go to France unless he qualified with the Springfield. Sq he shot Sharpshoter. Then he made Expert with the pistol to make up for this. After a short stay at Quantico, he sailed for France with a replacement company on the *USS Henderson*. His first commanding officer was Keller E. Rockey, now a lieutenant general, then captain of the 67th Company, First Regiment.

It wasn't long before Cappy got into the fight. His company was assigned to the famed "Fighting Fifth." He saw his first action at Verdun. After two months in the front lines, the Marines were returned to Paris for a rest. He was on hand the night of May 30, 1918, when the first of an endless procession of trucks and taxicabs moved out of the city, taking the Marines to a new and bloody front just 26 miles away. The Boche had started a desperate offensive.

The battle that followed, one of the greatest in history, was Belleau Wood. Cappy was at Chateau-Thierry in this mighty struggle and there he had about all the hell a man can take. Cappy does not like to talk about his part in that battle. The Marines stopped one of the greatest of German drives and spearheaded the Allied offensive which was to be the beginning of the end for Germany in that war. The Germans mistook the Marines' marksmanship for a secret weapon.

Cappy earned the Croix de Guerre, with palm, before he was tagged for a Purple Heart. The world nearly stopped for him during an advance on a machine gun nest, and when he recovered he had lost his right leg and had received many wounds in his left shoulder.

The war was over for him, but not the fight. This man who had been a swimming champion before the war had to fight to live. Then he had to fight to overcome the loss of his leg. The cocky grin he had carried into Verdun stayed with him and he won these battles, too.

Much of Cappy's long stay in the hospital was spent in Walter Reed, in Washington, D. C. There he saw that many amputation cases were not having the same luck he seemed to be having. They were afraid to meet people, afraid of being released, afraid they never would be able to live a useful life. So he started to help out wherever possible and this has been one of his most important jobs.

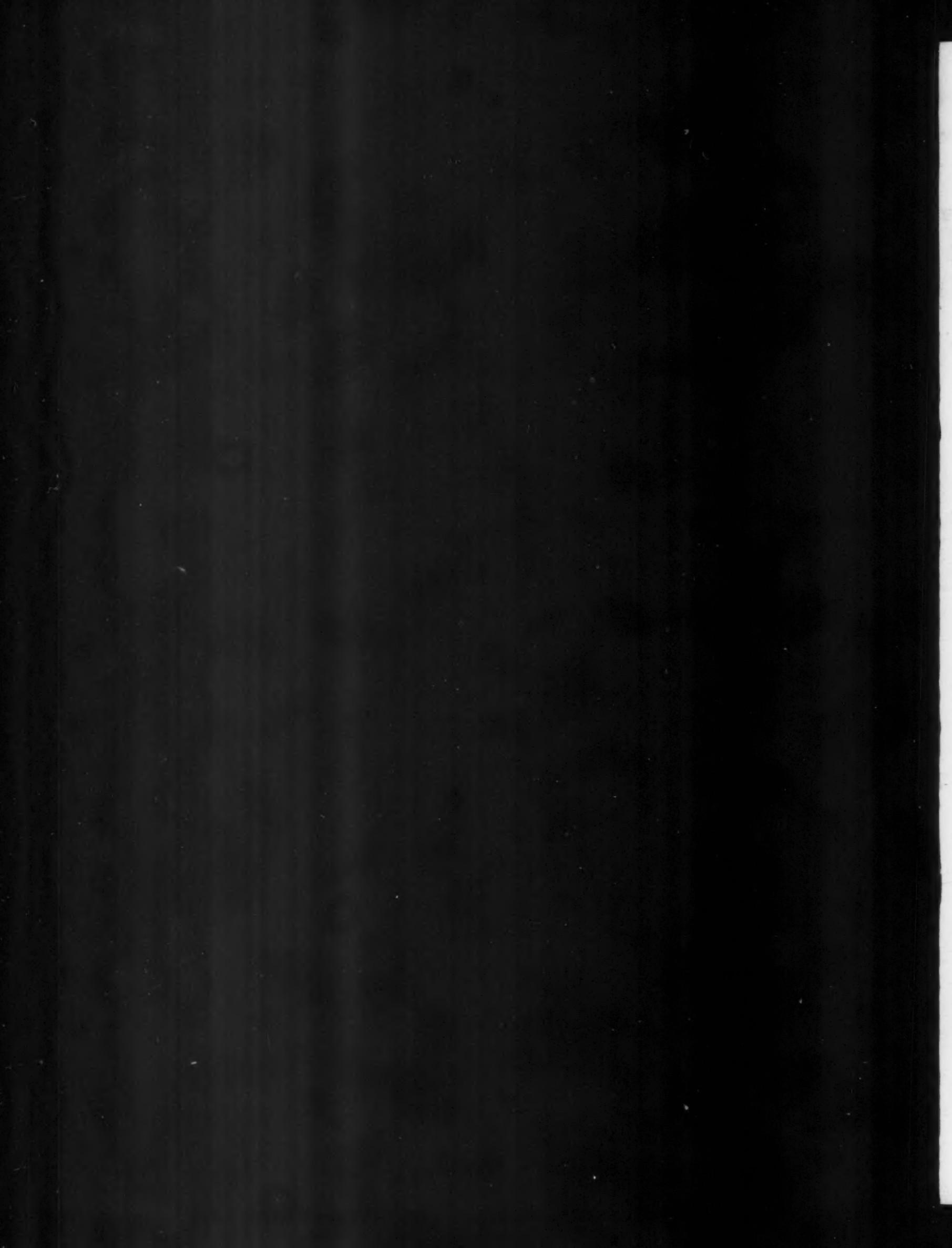
Cappy had always been a very busy guy and he was not going to let the loss of his leg slow him down. In between his self-assigned responsibilities in rehabilitation he found time to earn a respectable living, to further his education at the University of California at Los Angeles and to be an extremely valuable member of the American Legion.

He helped to organize the Hollywood Post of the



Now, with a second war under his belt, Cappy enjoys leisure moments at home with his pets

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he received for total and permanent disability from wounds received in combat. He took the chance.

Cappy relieved a recruiting sergeant who had asked for combat duty, and for the next three and a half years he was one of the busiest men in the Corps. He served in the recruiting office, helped the public relations men and made innumerable speeches at civic functions where he represented the Marine Corps.

When Cappy took the oath of enlistment, he expected to be a private, having asked only to be allowed to re-enlist. Instead, they made him a buck sergeant. It wasn't long before he made staff and when he was discharged he was recommended for higher rating by Lieutenant Colonel Roscoe Arnett. The records, according to Major W. S. McLaughlin, now in charge of the Los Angeles recruiting office, show that Cappy is responsible for several thousand men having entered the Corps.

**CAPPY** is justly proud of his recruiting record and of his recruits. When the kids he signed up reported to San Diego, they already had a good start, for Cappy tried to instill in them some of the spirit of the Corps. They knew it was going to be tough because Cappy, who knew, told them it would be. They also knew it was a privilege to be accepted in the Corps. Cappy has many letters from "his boys," and many of them came to see him when they returned Stateside from such campaigns as Guadalcanal, Tarawa and the Marianas. He knew his job had been well done when they said: "We hope we've been the kind of Marines you wanted us to be."

Cappy believes that service in the Corps, including the discipline and "esprit de corps" attained therein, is the greatest asset a man can have. But for his disability he would have remained in the Corps. He has urged many men to re-enlist, pointing out that the pay of a Marine is "clear" money, with no taxes, clothing, housing, food, medical, school or travel expenses to be taken out. Future security, he says, should be uppermost in a young man's mind, and to equal the retirement pay of a Marine, a man in civilian life must have a savings of \$27,000 with a three per cent interest return. But in his heart Cappy really believes that the privilege of being in the Corps is enough reason for signing over.

Cappy has had a good rest since being discharged and now he has returned to work. His big job has been to help men who have lost arms or legs. Having been through those dark days of readjustment, he knows the mental torture suffered by a young amputee. He doesn't have to lecture to them, but merely shows them what can be done if they have the heart to try.

Cappy is 55 years old, and he has a heavy program for the future. Right after he was out, John Stelle, former National Commander of the Legion, appointed him to the committee for stabilization and expansion, which meant smoothing out the differences between veterans of World War I and World War II—not an easy job.

But Cappy always has been a busy fellow and he sees no reason to ease up now. Semper Fidelis, you know, is a way of life for him. **END**



by Dick Hodgson

**W**ANG WEN YU, who had looked forward to the day for many a long Japanese-dominated year, was more than a little surprised and even annoyed when he got his hands on a Marine shooting iron again, after the war. It was a Garand, of course. Wang, better known to China Marines as Maxie, gave it a try and shook his head.

"Good, but the '03 much better," he said with a pleasant smile.

Remember Maxie? If you were one of those who fired the range at Peiping in the old days you will remember. He was the custodian, one of those faithful Chinese who grieved mightily the day the Marines had to leave in the dawn of a second World War.

Maxie began his role as custodian back in 1912, taking up with an older brother, now dead, who had begun to work for the range when it was completed 50 years ago. Before the war he had been a short but stocky man with ramrod bearing acquired through many years of association with the military. He smiled often and spoke rapidly in broken English.

Working for the Japs took many pounds off his muscular frame, but he still didn't have much complaining to do when post-war Marines, nearly all new hands to him, asked after his health and his experiences. Maxie put it briefly:

"Japs no pay me, no give me chow, make me broke. Used to be fattie, now skinny. They said I work for Marines too long, make too much money. Those Japs."

So Wang Wen Yu was more than ready in 1945 to take up where he had left off in 1941, both with the shooting of the ammunition and the shooting of the breeze. He likes to look back, verbally, to the days when his range was used for Marine Corps and international matches. In his day he had had a lot of opportunities to compare the U.S. Marine with marksmen of other nations. He found the Marines were always the best. Next came the English. The Germans were good, but the French and Italians were poor. And the Japs! Maxie can't be too emphatic on this point.

"Japs no good," he'll say. "Bad eyes."

Shoot only 200 yards, slow fire. Very poor."

Maxie used to get in some considerable shooting himself, along with his many duties. In the old days he had more than 50 boys working regularly each summer to handle the butts in the constant firing laid down by the Marine companies that came from their various activities throughout North China. Each company would move into the range camp, located in a clump of trees a few hundred yards behind the firing lines, and stay there for a month of blasting at the black.

He spent his winters working in the officer's quarters and in the Marine Barracks armory in the city.

But after the war Maxie had only one other full-time worker with him. To pull targets in the butts on busy days he had to round up a lot of neighborhood youths who were willing to work well and fast for the great privilege of policing the firing lines. The expended brass and ammunition cans were items of value in postwar China. Once in a while he would slip them a little kamsaw, too.

Maxie lived in a small shack of mud bricks down in the butts. There he eagerly dispensed more tales about the Old Corps than a 30-year Gunner would think possible.

Perhaps no one other person in the world has had a better chance to objectively evaluate the shooting skills of Marines. He has not only evaluated them, but he has learned so much from Marine marksmen himself that he can teach nearly every present-day member of the Corps a thing or two on the subject.

Now and then he used to leave his chores down in the butts and go up on the line to join the Marines, and he could show up a majority of them after "six years, no shoot."

Who does he think is the best shot he has seen?

"Old Jimmie Crowe," says Maxie. "Nobody match him in old days." (Lieutenant Colonel Jim Crowe, at present stationed in Quantico).

What about Marine marksmen of 1947? Maxie is not apologetic in the slightest when he replies:

"Marine still shoot good, but nobody shoot like old Marine."



Cappy finds his well-stocked bar a good place to get back into the groove of a civilian life



The shoddy, dilapidated apartment did not brighten my spirits as I climbed the creaky stairs to . . .



**There may have been  
a key to the  
strange mystery but  
finding it would have  
been difficult**

**T**HE story wasn't new to me for I had read it several years before, but I had completely forgotten its existence until, rummaging through my files in search of some notes, I remembered having hidden it there.

The flimsy typed pages had retained their peculiar musty odor and, as I glanced over the manuscript, I relived a few of the bewildering sensations which had tormented me when the story had come into my possession. The author's name is unfamiliar but I spent a restless night because I couldn't forget the circumstances under which I had met him, or the unusual events which followed.

They were uneasy days, with the war in its third year. The office where I worked had suffered from the demands of draft board quotas. The editor worried about his rapidly diminishing staff and the diminishing staff worried about a rapidly diminishing magazine.

There was only one bright spot in the editor's life. He had discovered a new writer. And the new writer was good.

Four of his stories had come into the office in as many months and with a rush of galleys and reproduction proofs three of them had been published. The editor was curious about the author. The stories were strictly fiction but the war plots were surrounded with an aura of battle description — vivid, colorful and potent.

Contacts with the author had been made solely by mail. Letters requesting background information and biographical data about the author had produced nothing. Now, with the fourth story going into print, the editor insisted on knowing something about the man who had written it. I got the job.

There was something about it I didn't like; nothing tangible, nothing I could put into words, just an ominous distaste for the assignment. Strangely, the usual reportorial gripes were not in evidence. They seemed to be overshadowed by peculiar misgivings which I had never experienced before.

While I packed my bags I had a sudden desire to quit my job. I hated it. But along with my discontent there was an odd fascination which seemed to grow in spite of my reasoning. It was impossible for me to account for my confusion. I gave up and started for the airport.

On the plane I tried to concentrate on the details which lay ahead. This had become a sort of game which I had often played to amuse myself while traveling. I remembered that I had run up some pretty good scores when, after the story had been completed, I had checked up on what I had ex-

by Karl A. Schuon

**R**oom 32

TURN PAGE 19

## ROOM 32 (cont.)

pected and what I had actually found. This time, however, it did not amuse me. My thoughts were vague, and again the same uneasiness returned.

I checked in at a quiet beat-up hotel in the writer's hometown. After unpacking, I dialed his telephone number. There was no answer but since it was early evening I supposed he was out to dinner. I went out to dinner myself. When I returned I called again, but again there was no answer. I might have waited until the following day but I wanted to get the job done as soon as possible. And go home.

I wandered through the dingy lobby and passed through the swinging door. A heavy downpour had turned into an indifferent drizzle and a snarling wind twisted it into fine sheets of mist. I hated the world.

A cab picked me up and I gave the driver an address. The murky weather, dark little street and the shoddy, dilapidated apartment house in front of which I left the cab did nothing to brighten my spirits. I plodded up the two flights of creaky stairs and paused before room 32.

For a moment I couldn't quite bring myself to knock on the door. It was then that something within me relaxed. Suddenly I realized what a dope I had been to build up ridiculous doubts about a simple, dull, uninteresting, biographical interview. I had been snowed by my own stupidity. I rapped on the door.

It opened almost immediately and an odd, cold draft struck my face. Nothing was visible in the half light of the room beyond; then the door opened wider and before me stood a tall, gaunt young man. There was a pallor about his face and his hands were long, thin and bony. Something about him brought back the tension I had suffered intermittently since I had drawn the assignment.

I told him who I was and why I had come. As he invited me into the room he smiled. But it was not a pleasant, welcome smile. It had a sardonic quality that puzzled me as I tried to guess its meaning. It was as if he was enjoying a huge, solitary joke and had no intention of sharing it with anyone.

"This is going to be rugged," I told myself. And once more I damned the editor for his screwy ideas.

I left myself wide open when I asked one of the stupid questions which are usually a part of an interview:

"Where were you born?"

His answer almost knocked me down.

"This is going to be rather an odd interview," he said. "But, I daresay you're fortunate in that I'll have more answers for you than most people could give you. I can tell you not only where I was born . . . but where I died."

He smiled a strange smile and I said:

"You're joking, of course?"

And he said, "Of course."

And I wondered whether he was.

The biography had suddenly assumed the proportions of a Suribachi. I realized that the ordinary question and answer type of interview would net me nothing. The general approach would be better in this case. I was sure of it.

"Tell me about yourself," I said.

I found him a willing talker, but his narration was a curious montage of what seemed to be vague, fragmentary descriptions enveloping thoughts which bordered somewhere between whimsy and mysticism.

He spoke in a smart, tongue-in-cheek style and appeared to be enjoying the wild ride he was giving me. Half of what he said didn't make sense and the other half I didn't believe. I was getting nowhere.

I had visions of my editor lunging at me from behind his desk in an attempt to run me through with his sharp-pointed blue pencil while I parried with an interview which might have been written by H. G. Wells.

I am a patient individual but I too have a saturation point. I had heard enough. I decided that my host was either plastered or addicted to dope. It was getting late and I was tired. Perhaps, I thought, if I let him sleep off whatever was the matter with him, and came back the next day, things would be different.



**There was**

**a pallor about his face and**

**his smile**

**had a sardonic quality**

I would need an excuse, of course. After leaving my inexpensive cigaret case in the corner of the huge, upholstered chair in which I was sitting, I got up rather abruptly, thanked him for his considerate assistance and moved toward the door. He detained me, went to a desk drawer and brought out a large envelope.

"Would you be kind enough to take this back to your office with you?" he asked.

I assured him that the editor would be pleased to receive it.

"It's my last story," he said. And his eyes seemed to look past me as if he was seeing something beyond. "It's incomplete, breaks off right in the middle . . . it has no end. It's a pity and I'm sorry. Do you understand?"

I said I did and wished I did.

This time he looked directly at me, directly into my eyes as he spoke.

"If only I'd lived to finish it," he said with all the sincerity of a little child.

A psycho, sure as hell, I thought. I took the envelope and said, "Goodnight."

The door closed quietly behind me.

I dropped into a coffee shop just around the corner from my hotel and over a very black cup I contemplated my plight. It was pretty sad and the next day had better be productive of something. I was so worried about my job that I had completely forgotten about my earlier premonitions.

In my room I was unable to sleep. I couldn't seem to forget the whacky character who seemed intelligent enough, but just didn't make sense. I turned on the light and picked up the script he had given me.

As I glanced over it I was surprised. I began to read. It was as good as his other stories, but this one wasn't fiction. It was an accurate account of a well known battle. What he had said about the story was true. It was incomplete, it broke off in the middle, it had no end.

It was as if a bullet had interrupted the writer. I slept very little that night. All of the things

which I had learned seemed to be falling into place. The script had convinced me that there was plenty of stuff from which to make dreams in the crazy interview I had conducted that evening. I had to admit to myself that it was as ridiculous as something out of the Arabian Nights. And yet . . .

I think I must have dropped off to sleep just then for that was all I could remember the next morning at 10:30 when I awoke.

I have a vivid memory of those waking moments. There was a shadow in my mind where reality fused with what might have been a dream. But after a cold shower and another swift perusal of the manuscript, the possibility of its having been a dream faded away and there was nothing left but reality.

For some reason the fear of facing my editor had left me and in its place had come a strange new fascination. I dressed hurriedly, rushed through the hotel lobby and stepped into a cab. Twenty minutes later I stood in front of the door to room 32.

I rapped on the door. There was no response and I rapped again. I waited, and again there was no response. I heard someone shuffling in the hall below.

An elderly lady came into view and started up the stairs toward me. She smiled and said: "There's no one there. That room is vacant."

"Vacant?" I echoed incredulously.

"Yes. Were you looking for someone?"

I told her that I was looking for the gentleman who had occupied the room the night before.

"You must be mistaken," she said. "No one has lived in this room for a month."

"You're quite sure?" I asked in dismay.

"Quite sure," she answered.

My head began to swim in a sea of doubts, grasping for just one straw of reality to keep it from going under. I remembered my cigaret case.

"Is the room for rent?" I asked.

"Of course, would you like to see it?"

My answer must have been vehement because she glanced at me curiously as she produced a key and unlocked the door.

The room was exactly as it had been the night before. Not a thing had been changed. I walked to the chair where I had left my case. It was gone.

A phone rang in the hall below and the landlady begged to be excused. She left the room and I stepped quickly to the desk from which the writer had taken the script. I opened the drawer and was relieved when I saw my cigaret case lying there. As I reached for it I saw the familiar, plastic-covered loop of Marine Corps dog-tags extending beyond the edge of the paper with which the drawer was lined. I lifted the loop, drawing it from beneath the paper. One of the dog-tags had been neatly clipped off.

I put the case and the loop with the single tag into my coat pocket and when the landlady returned I invented an excuse about the room being too small, and hurried down the stairs.

A variety of thoughts passed through my mind during the cab ride back to my hotel. I could see myself walking into the editor's office and announcing simply:

"I have just interviewed a dead man."

Then I saw myself applying for unemployment compensation.

When I went to the desk in the lobby for my key the boy handed me a telegram. I tore it open and read:

SORRY SENT YOU WILD GOOSE CHASE. IN ANSWER TO REQUEST FOR INFORMATION MARINE HEADQUARTERS INFORMS WRITER DIED ON IWO JIMA. STORIES EVIDENTLY SENT IN BY HEIRS. INVESTIGATE.

It was from my editor. I asked for a blank telegram and wrote:

EDITOR:

HEIRS HAVE LEFT TOWN. NO FORWARDING ADDRESS. RETURNING TO OFFICE ON NEXT PLANE.

I marked the wire collect, and went into the bar for a double shot.

END



## POLLYWOG TO SHELLBACK



Neophytes have a rugged crossing  
when King Neptune takes command

**Corp. Donald H. Edgemon**  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

SOMEPLACE beneath the broad heaving breast of the South Atlantic, Neptunus Rex, God of the Sea, checked his log for approaching ships and discovered the USS *Missouri* flailing the ocean at 25 knots in the direction of the Equator. The King's henchman, Davey Jones, had kept his eye on the Mighty Mo from the time she left Rio de Janeiro, for aboard the Statesbound battlewagon were 1500 pollywogs, among them the President of the United States.

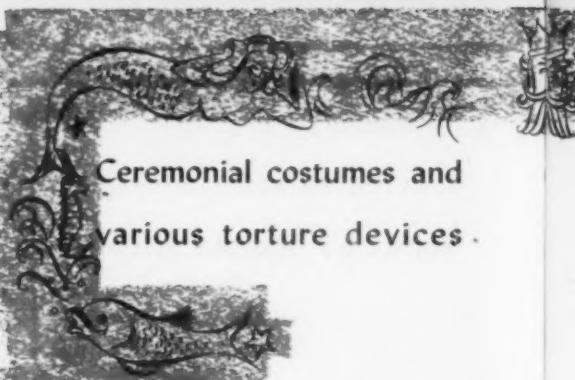
The Mo had turned her churning fantail to the port of Rio some days before. The old salts aboard had done a lot of chuckling in anticipation of President Harry Truman's entry into the kingdom of the grizzled old ruler of the deep. If the chief executive suspected anything, he didn't show it. Neither did any other member of his party. They chatted amiably about their vacation in Brazil. Each felt a little more secure in the knowledge that the President had won his first victory in the organization of Western Hemispheric defense. It had been a fine trip in every possible way.

But strange things were going on aboard the *Missouri*. Behind the yawning ventilators, in the galleys and in the holds, Marines and sailors

clumsily hemstitched large pieces of green and yellow calico. A special detail shredded lengths of yellow rope and corbed it out like hair. Back in his castle, Neptune (Chief Machinist J. H. Herrington) winked at his wife, Amphitrite, (Marine Sergeant Anthony J. Chibani) who ordered her royal nymphs to ready the King's ceremonial garb. The King field stripped his trident; greased it with octopus oil and shined it with seaweed. Preparations were being made for one of the oldest ceremonies in sea tradition—the initiation of pollywogs into the Royal Order of Shellbacks.

The night before the Mo reached the Great Circle, everything aboard was set for no pollywog's good. Shellbacks, the boys who have at least one Equator-crossing under their belts, paced the decks grinning from ear to ear. The canvas ducking pools filled with briny sea water glistened in the moonlight. Davey Jones came aboard and inspected the pain-making machinery; found it to the King's liking and disappeared again.

The next day when the *Missouri* was reported by her navigator to be "on the line," Davey appeared again, but his agreeable mood had now



Ceremonial costumes and  
various torture devices.

vanished. He commanded the officer of the deck to tell the captain to surrender his ship to King Neptune Rex and party. The King's flag, a skull and crossbones, was run up the halliard as he boarded wearing a crown and carrying his trident. The blushing Amphitrite followed, unable to hide "her" deck ape walk and the pair of inflated life preservers which "she" wore for falsies.

The Skipper was introduced to the rope-haired wife of the King and he propitiously complimented her in compliance with seafaring custom:

"Ah! Mrs. Neptune looks even younger than when I first saw her."

"Well, she's not!" Neptune snarled. "She's old as hell and drinks like a fish."

The King and Queen took their places on the royal throne and the retinue's royal prosecutor, Marine Master Sergeant Zigmund Waclawski, called for the first pollywog offender. President Harry Truman preserved his "Missouri Waltz" smile and pleaded guilty to the stated charges.

"You have been indicted as a vile landlubber and a pollywog—in that, knowing full well that there are no party politics in this absolute monarchy, you are guilty of practicing the same; this crime being further aggravated by your being a Democrat."

The President spent the rest of the day passing out autographs to the shellbacks aboard. He was made to furnish Neptune's personal staff with Corona cigars for the remainder of the trip home.

Margaret Truman's punishment for being among the uninitiated was to lead the Missouri's crew in "Anchor's Aweigh," which she did with great gusto. Mrs. Truman was granted amnesty and honored with the title, "First Lady of the Deep." The initiation ceremony which followed for novice members of the Mo's crew made the presidential family thankful that a particular man from Missouri was the chief executive of the U.S.

For example, when Neptune called big John Steelman, the president's special assistant, he fairly chewed the charges. When Steelman opened his mouth in defense, the King's gruesome battery of deck apes squirted a nasty concoction of lemon extract and quinine into it from a foot-long syringe. Next they placed him on an "operating" table and urged him to confess his sins against the royal order by prodding him with a charged scalpel. They ran him through a paddling machine, up an electrically wired stepladder, down a greased slide and into the ducking pool.

When Steelman emerged, he was happy to declare himself a full-fledged and ever-obedient shellback.

With festivities over for the big-wigs, Neptune ordered initiations begun for the lesser fry—well over a thousand sailors who were voyaging over the earth's watery middle for the first time. In severity, what had gone before was merely prelude. The ceremonies continued for four hours. Pollywogs were running around the ship half dressed, goaded to distraction. Some who tried to escape were hunted out by Neptune's Bears and returned to the scene of torture.

As if Neptune's imps could not dream up enough to embarrass the inductees, a Devil ap-

provide hilarity during  
Neptune's age-old ritual

peared from the King's own retinue of torture makers to direct even more "excruciating" ceremony. The pollywogs who were forced to kiss the Royal Baby's belly found it plastered with mustard, castor oil and grease. The Royal Dentist syringed salt water into the newcomers' noses, massaged their faces with molasses and flour and fed them stomach pills made of salt water and soap. The Royal Barber shaved them with a wooden razor. Occasionally a selected subject was shot out of the chair by a spring contraption and went sprawling into the canvas pool. Some were aimed at full tanks of week-old garbage and oil.

After hours of hectic hilarity at day's end, many of the shellbacks were more tired than the pollywogs they had initiated. It was one of the biggest affairs that the Mighty Mo had ever seen. Of the others conducted aboard her, most of them had been small; and during the war the big battlewagon was much too busy for such tomfoolery.

As an Italian God, Neptune dates back to one of the most deity-ridden of civilizations, the Roman Empire. He has had his counterpart in many other civilizations including the Greek and the Norse. The symbol of his kingship was the three-tined spear and the source of his power was inherent in the perils of the sea itself. It was believed that after shattering rocks he could place them in the paths of unsuspecting vessels. For those who did not propitiate him, he could cook up a storm that would tear the rigging from a sailing vessel like so much matchwood. On the other hand, where his ceremonies were properly carried out, he could be a protective and benevolent god.

In Greek mythology, Neptune's counterpart, Poseidon, delayed for 20 years the return of Odysseus from the Trojan wars. He was not only the chief of the water deities, but also the creator of the horse and patron of horse racing. His own personal conveyance was a horse-drawn chariot in which he rode over the seas. His very presence made the water mysteriously calm.

The Vikings, probably the most venturesome seamen who ever lived, feared Neptune as they feared no other God. Black bulls and horses were sacrificed to soothe him before the start of a voyage. Usually they were thrown into the sea so that the King could see them as he travelled about his kingdom which spread over the entire floor of the ocean. These same ceremonies were passed on to the early seagoing Angles, Saxons and Normans.

Possibly the utilitarian value of the ceremony as it is received in navies of the world today has been lost. When men learned to build better ships, they learned that they could outride the severest of storms whether they appealed to Neptune or not. Likewise, as seamanship became something of a profession with men trained in it either by formal courses or through a prerequisite apprenticeship, it was no longer necessary to drag the novice sailor through a fathom of water with a rope around his neck to discover how well he was equipped for his trade.

The Royal Order of Shellbacks is today the sailor's honorary union. The seaman who doesn't belong to it hasn't been around, and that, in the life of a tar, is the world's worst stigma. **END**



The Royal Prosecutor, Marine Master Sergeant Zigmund Waclawski, reads off President Truman



# General

by Sgt. Vernon A. Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

DURING many of those hot and humid days and purple nights, the general could be seen sitting on the rough packing box bench with the Japanese inscriptions on the back of it, or reclining in his rickety canvas-backed chair. Usually in the evening, shells from the "Long Toms" loped over his command shack, whispering their missions of destruction; speaking in a sort of swish like the sound of a stiff broom sweeping clean.

Wherever the general moved to keep up with the progress of battle, the deck chair and bench went with him. There was something in the very discomfort of the improvised seat that made it easier to think, and for long hours he used to sit gazing in the direction of Savo Island and Tulagi where his old friend General Rupertus had landed. It was inexplicable that the Japs had not raided Tulagi more than they did. He often wondered what kind of a time his comrade was having of it over there. In the more comfortable curve of the chair, he could sometimes relax; close his eyes and imagine himself back home in quiet Virginia, the war over, retired and living out the autumn years of his life on a small acreage with his wife and family.

But how could one be certain of such things in these infant stages of a terrible war. He had written to his wife as he did almost every day, assuring her that everything was all right; that he would come back as he had many times before; that they would have many more happy years together. The thought occurred to him that generals also dream of home, of gardens and green grass, white azaleas and honeysuckle, berries ripening in the southern sun, the smell of fertile earth in spring and the tang of decaying leaves in fall.

A runner came up with a message, stepping gingerly over the coral walk leading from one of the other headquarters tents. He read the message and dismissed the boy. Everything was going according to plan and he would do his level best to keep it that way, but God only knew what tomorrow might bring.

What was it that Captain Williams had said? "Retreat hell, we just got here." It was true that

the Second World War was just an infant, 3000 miles from the enemy homeland, and American troops were setting foot on Japanese-held soil for the first time. They had a lot to learn about their new enemy; his treachery and fanaticism, blind courage and arrogance.

The general's own first encounter with the Japanese ego dated back to Shanghai in 1927 during the spring maneuvers. The Fleet was exercising its powerful muscles with the associate arms, ground and air, and each day the Jap observation planes came over and each day he sent a protest to the Japanese commanding general. At last he sent up a fighter squadron and the reconnaissance planes high-tailed it for home. The Jap general made indignant protests and spoke in terms of international incidents but nothing ever came of it.

In those early days of the war, he occupied a ringside seat in this jungled amphitheater of invasion. There were times when his CP was not more than a scant 300 yards from the Japanese front lines and perhaps that was what softened the ear splitting thunder of the Toms as they talked to the Japs, laying down an impenetrable barrier of steel between himself and the enemy. At such times the mighty explosions could be music to a man's ears, like the booming hush of kettledrums.

The Toms were the pride of "Pete" del Valle's batteries, and well did General Vandegrift remember the night they came in. He had just retired, pacing his movements to the steady crackling of the Howitzers, when this new voice added its lusty growl to the 105s and the "Packs." It continued all night long and the first thing he did next morning was call his artillery officer. The colonel told his chief that the big boys had come in at last and had made their first replies to the Jap six-inchers in the hills.

"What were you shooting at, Pete?"

"Japs," the voice replied.

"Well, what for?"

"Harassing fire," he had been told.

"Well for God's sake knock it off for a while, Pete. It's harassing me more than the Japs."

Colonel del Valle had his batteries concealed back in the boondocks. Oftimes, he himself could be seen in front of his own command shack, one ear cocked to the throaty music of the guns. The

colonel drew a certain serenity out of the ordered life of his commanding general across the way. Times were when he reflected on their long relationship together, and at such times his admiration for his boss built up into a fountainhead of strength upon which he could draw when his own strong soul needed sustenance.

The artillery officer found his CG to be like that. He had something which a fellow couldn't put his finger on. He wasn't particularly dynamic, nor was he the rough-tough Marine commander which the writers might have wished him to be. If he had color at all, it was a neutral color: nothing dashing, nothing flashy; but still an inner something was always there, a ready strength that imparted itself freely to others.

During those insecure times which tried men's souls, the CG often preferred not to talk and sat alone mulling over in his head the hard problems of war. The late afternoon shadows would be brushing light from the jungle palms and the sun still an hour or two high, flaming red above the water. And many times when he arrived at a decision, the daylight would be gone and behind the curtain of night the animal noises could be heard among the rotting palm fronds.

THERE were the many staff meetings when he called to one table all the brain power of his organization — regimental and artillery commanders, clever young Jerry Thomas, William James, his chief of staff, Colonels Twining and Murray. Beneath the sputtering light of a kerosene lamp, he confided to these men the innermost problems of his command; the outlines of battles to come, intelligence and strategy. Then they, each in turn, took into their confidence the junior officers—battalion, company and platoon—until the battle plan was known right down to the last man; the man upon whose shoulders the success of the campaign ultimately rested, the private in the field.

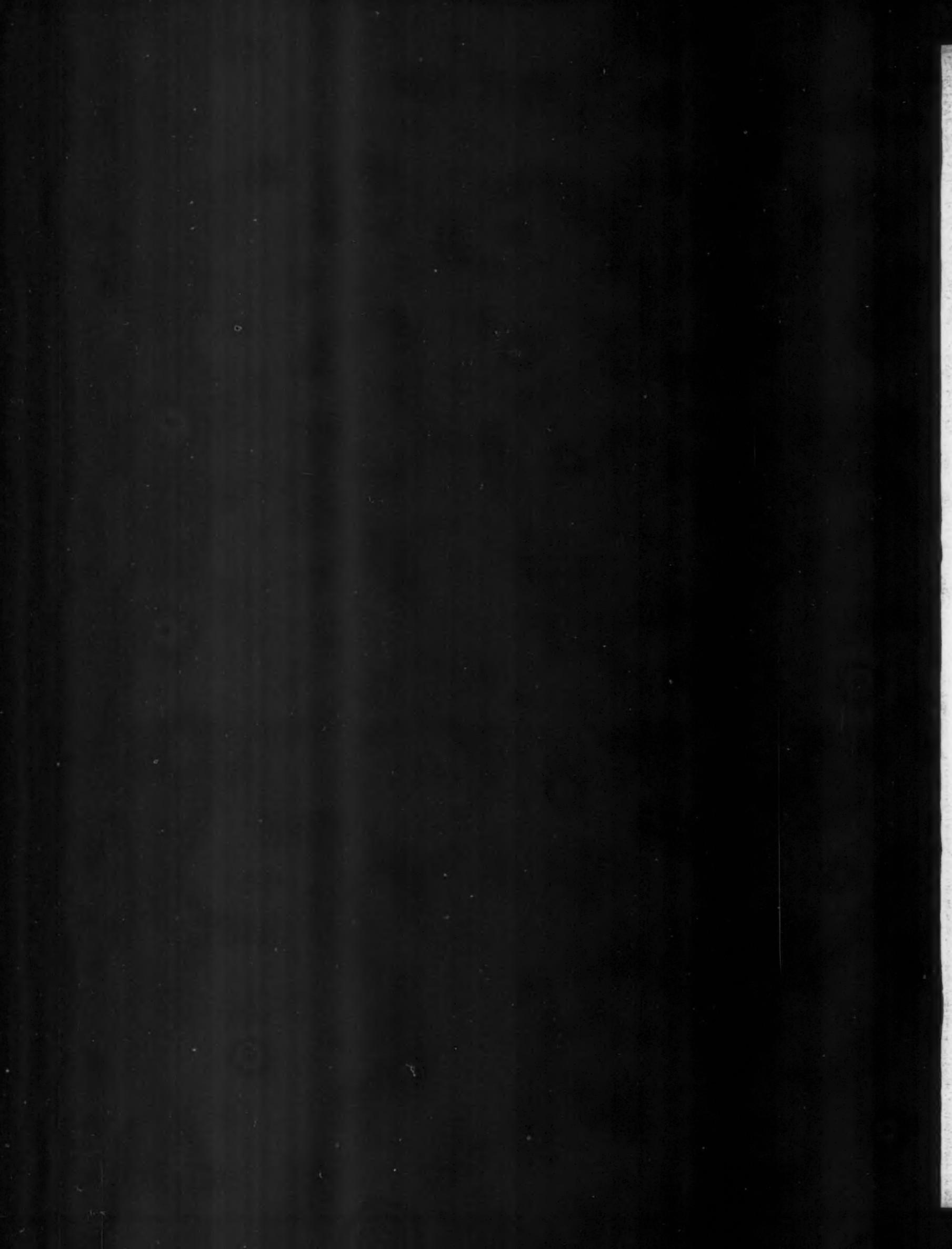
In practically everything you wished to accomplish, you had to consider these men of the lower paygrades, the privates, PFCs, hashmarked corporals and sergeants. They formed the broad base of a pyramid upon which the chain of command rested. They were at the bottom, and at no time could the bottom be allowed to fall out. If it did, everything else above was likely to fall

**He spirited the Marines to victory on grim Guadalcanal**



**and exchanged a command shack for**

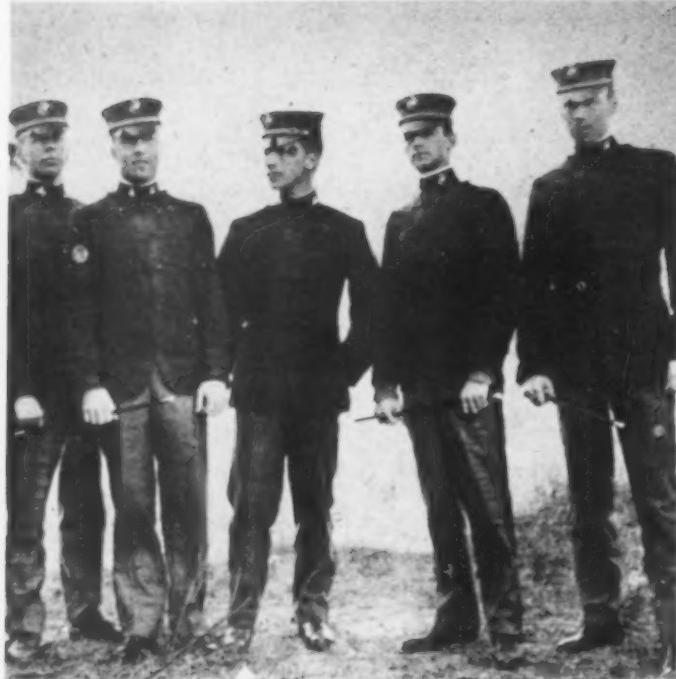




# Vandegrift



**the Commandant's chair before retiring to Virginia**



Pictured from left to right: Second Lieutenants Chester Gurne, R. T. Zane, F. T. Evans, A. A. Vandegrift and Frederick or Leon Hoyt



The general as a shavetail lieutenant at Seagirt, N.J., 1910, a short time after he finished Parris Island officers' school

through the same hole. It was among his most firm military beliefs that these men had to be considered.

He had many times been especially emphatic in insisting this knowledge be early implanted in the minds of his officers—especially the young officers, the shavetails who had not yet learned to use their bars as magnetic symbols of leadership and unity rather than simply emblems of rank. Having worked through the commissioned ranks himself, the general sometimes went for weeks without remembering his own high position of number one Marine, top man on the island. And then when he did, it often came as a surprise, an awakening of the memory over decades of slow time to Parris Island in 1909, the School of Application and the days when he was a shavetail himself.

The basic knowledge of what he knew about handling junior officers he liked to credit to those 12 months of indoctrination under the tutorship of the Corps' real oldtimers. This knowledge, seasoned by 30 years of experience that had taken him to practically every Marine post, both at home and abroad, and in practically every campaign the Corps had fought since the turn of the century, the Banana Wars, Mexico, the disturbed Caribbean during World War I, Haiti and China, in and out of the offices of Marine Corps Headquarters, the Legation Guard, the Mail guard under General Smedley Butler, and finally, assistant commandant. All these places and the people he had met were locked in his memory and when he thought of them it was hard to believe that he had seen so much.

He had his own ideas about how to handle men, and whenever possible he put them at their ease—the runners, drivers, cooks; the people with whom he had to live. They had been respectful and efficient. He did not wish his men to be

cowering and frightened. A war was no place for the tongue-tied, the mentally lame, the stammering, halt and blind. It would have hurt him if these men had been afraid, so afraid that it hindered them in the performance of their duty. Discipline was one thing and mortal fear of a living man another. If they were afraid of him, they would be afraid of other things: the enemy stalking the jungle; the night noises that could set a lesser balanced man at wits end; the catcalls, the tapping of reeds, the sniping and wild, ill-directed machine gunning; the firecrackers, the yelling and the constant whispered threat that came from the coconut groves across the Lunga: "Marine, tomorrow you die."

**H**E did not want these men to be afraid and as far as he knew none of them were. Scared at times, yes. But frightened into cowardice, never. He himself had learned to control fear and it was one of his most outstanding marks as a soldier. He had once remarked to a reporter that the soldier had not yet been born who went into battle unafraid, and when asked if he had ever been afraid, he answered that he had. Many times. The difference between being afraid and frightened into helplessness was discipline. That alone would keep up a man's fighting spirit; that alone kept armies from being mobs and good men from turning into cowards. He often wondered what the men in the ranks thought of him, and never had he been given reason to believe that it was anything but good. An officer's popularity among the men was in inverse ratio to the degree which he used his rank to improve his personal comfort, and no good leader could afford to forget it.

In action he had always been a front line general. He kept his CP as close to the combat area as possible and once three banzaiing Japs

had nearly got him. A staff sergeant tackled one of them and an officer shot another. The third scurried back into the jungle. One of his regimental commanders remarked that some morning the general would awake and find a Jap looking down his throat. He was not afraid of that and he told the colonel so.

"As long as your CP is between mine and the enemy, I don't worry," the general had said. "You'll be sure to protect it."

It was one of those conversational byplays in which he often indulged with members of his staff. He remembered another byplay in conversation which had disturbed him at the time but had long since passed into legend with the First Division.

The incident occurred in his CP during the visit of a high-ranking British civilian official. The man was ultra British, lean, toothy and full of mannerisms. When introduced to Lieutenant Colonel Twining, he placed a monocle in his eye and pondered the name:

"Twining, Twining, Twining," he deliberated. "That is a bloody good English name. Were your ancestors ever interested in tea?"

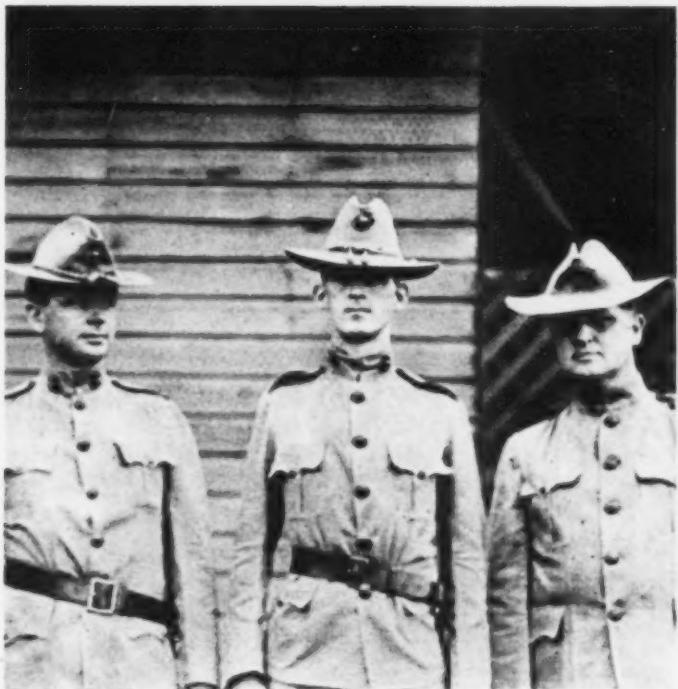
"Yes, Sir," the officer answered facetiously. "Ever since the Boston Tea Party."

He had tried to cover up for his guest and the result was one of the most commonplace remarks of his career:

"It is a nice day, isn't it?"

Since, he had thought of many ways in which he might have turned the joke, but at the time he could think of nothing to talk about but the weather. He had often wished that his answer had been witty but it hadn't been and that was the end of it. Perhaps all their minds were frizly around the edges in those days and one could not be expected to come up with wit for every occasion. The man who wears the mantle of

## The general received his baptism of fire under "Old



Photographed together in Panama, 1912, were First Lieutenants H. W. Stone, left; Vandegrift, center, and Dr. Benjamin Dorsey



With his first battle experience at Haiti behind him, Lieutenant Vandegrift went to Vera Cruz, Mexico, with General Butler in 1914

responsibility for a division of troops every hour and every day for months on end becomes too occupied in war's grim business to engage in side issues. In fact, there was no possible way to forget that thousands of lives were in constant danger and the strength of a single command decided battles won or lost. A commander had not only to lead but set examples of leadership for others.

Of all the military evils in the world, the one he hated most was negligent incompetence. He would readily forgive mistakes, but incompetence was something else again. In an incompetent man, one could expect little more than mistakes, and the smartest thing was to be rid of him. Willful disobedience was equally bad. He had been forced to dismiss one of his best senior officers because he had taken it upon himself to withdraw when he had been ordered to attack. Individual initiative was something to be exercised within the scope of an order. But it had no place in countermanding it. Even a poor plan, executed with force and vigor by all hands, had more chance of success than a brilliant maneuver sloppily carried out.

In these matters he remembered being hasty only once. It was during the battle of Tenaru River when the 1st Battalion, First Marines, had been disengaged from Division reserve and ordered to cross the Tenaru's branches with tanks attached and destroy the enemy from the rear. The battalion had not been released to the First Marines until 0800. In the meantime, the unit had met with trouble getting through the dense jungle and the attack proper did not get underway until 0950. At 0830 he had called Colonel C. B. Cates of the First wanting to know "why in billy hell the counter-attack had not got underway sooner."

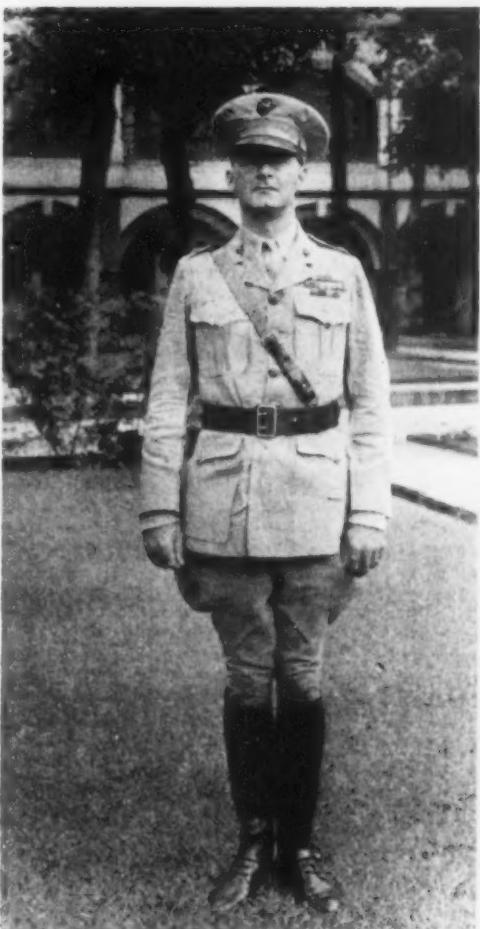
In his diary, "My First at Guadalcanal," the

new general and new Commandant recalls the incident:

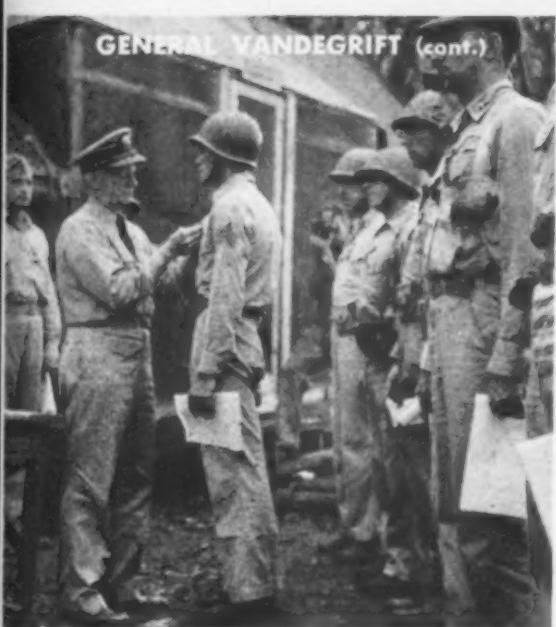
"I started once to explain to him (Vandegrift) that the 1st Battalion had been Division Reserve until eight o'clock, but then I thought what was the use of alibing. So I said 'Aye, Aye, Sir,' to everything he said. He couldn't rebut that very well, but if the attack had not been a success there's one colonel I know who would have had his head chopped off."

Although his problems were many on the 'Canal, the general had only to look down through the pages of history to find his company. There was another famous Virginian, a man who had been born not too far from his own birthplace; a gangling, hulking Virginian who had the heart of an ox and was tempered like steel. And when he compared his own military plight to the plight of this man, this Virginia foxhunter from Mt. Vernon, it was almost like walking out of the darkness into the light. This man had walked in desperation among his troops and everywhere he looked he saw the shadow of defeat. He could compare his own trained troops to this bedraggled citizens' army of starving, frightened souls; his semi-automatic rifles with their muzzle-loading muskets; his 155s with Knox's rough cannon stuffed full of keg powder, nails, wire and sweepings from a blacksmith shop. And when he pondered over these comparisons he was mighty thankful for the little he had and he could not fail. At such times he could not even think of defeat for it would have seared his soul in shame.

He often thought of his favorite historical military figure, Stonewall Jackson, a man whom he admired because he could do so much with so little. It was indirectly through Jackson that he first became interested in military history and tactics. The famous soldier was also the favorite



In 1935 the general became executive officer and later CO of the embassy guard in Peiping



Admiral Chester W. Nimitz decorates  
General Vandegrift's 'Canal heroes'



The CG and his staff outline moves  
guaranteed to do the Japs no good



Members of a raider battalion hear  
their chief talk about future plans



Admiral Nimitz reads a message of  
thanks from liberated Guamanians



Generals Chien-shih and Wei-chou  
welcome the Commandant to Tientsin



The ricksha boy remembered his fare  
as the colonel of the Peiping guard



The Maj. Gen. Commandant Thomas  
Holcomb pins a DSM on Col. Thomas



The Commandant inspects an honor  
guard of the 1st Marine Air Wing



Generals Vandegrift and S. L. Howard  
review First Marine Division troops



## Always have faith in victory, the CG said. If you have doubts, keep them to yourself

general of his grandfather, Captain Carson Vandegrift, who told him firsthand stories about fighting under Longstreet and charging with Pickett. He guessed it was his grandfather who had awakened in him the desire for a military career.

His father was an architect, and although he did not object to a service life for his son, he made no special effort to encourage it. As far as he knew, the military tradition had not been established in his ancestral family so there was no old custom to fall back on. The name was Dutch, spelt Van de Grift in family Bible records dating back to 1749, and what people in Europe of the 18th Century were less military minded than the jolly, peace-loving, commercial-wise Dutch. That was no doubt the reason why his decision to enter West Point after two years at the University of Virginia was regarded as something of a departure from family tradition.

Then came one of his earliest disappointments. He had studied so hard to pass the Academy's entrance examinations that it temporarily weakened his eyes and he was turned down on the physical requirements. A year later, his vision improved, he entered the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant.

Still fresh in his mind was the memory of his first trip home from South Carolina: the mixed feeling of embarrassment and pride as he walked into his grandfather's house wearing his new dress blue uniform with the red-lined cap and scarlet-striped trousers. The old ex-Confederate Army officer looked at him for a long time without speaking. Then he made one of the family's classic parlor remarks:

"Well, son," he said with dignity, "I have seen a lot in my time but never did I expect to see a Vandegrift wearing the Union blue."

Times were when he looked back upon those early days and he could hardly remember all the things that had happened in between. His first and longest standing boss had been the barbed-tongued Butler. He still carried a visual image of the gaunt, sad-faced, long-nosed Pennsylvanian whom he came to know like a father at Leon and Coyotepe. Butler had seen him through his baptism of fire and later they fought off enraged natives from the open windows of an ambushed train. He landed with him at Vera Cruz in 1914 and helped subdue the wild Cacos of Haiti. He stayed on after his boss had left, organizing the Haitian Gendarmerie, and when the Marine Corps was being booted about at home for alleged brutal treatment of natives abroad, he was riding mule 15 hours a day supervising the construction of new roads, initiating sanitation methods, improving agriculture, redoing market places and revamping corrupt village political administrations.

He studied Department of Agriculture bulletins on modern tobacco farming and when the natives would not accept his advice, he tricked them into trying scientific farming by offering to personally stand the expense of a hector crop if the new methods did not prove better than the old.

"Did you ever grow tobacco?" he had been asked.

He had to admit that he hadn't.

"Did your father or grandfather ever grow tobacco?"

No, they hadn't.

"Well, my grandfather grow tobacco. My father grow tobacco. I grow tobacco. We all grow tobacco this way."

But when the crops had been planted and picked, the increased harvest proved to be a conclusive testament in respect to Western World

know-how. The natives reluctantly accepted the new idea. It was the first time since the days of the French colonists that Haitian tobacco planters could be persuaded to break with the centuries-old farming practices of their forefathers.

Much wiser for his experience as soldier and diplomat, he joined his old boss again in China during the Shanghai and Tientsin Nationalist riots in 1927. He had come to know Butler as he would probably never know any other man, and during these years of service he was the apple of "Old Gimlet Eye's" eye; the shavetail whom Smedley nicknamed "Sonny Jim" and liked to kid about being a Virginia hillbilly.

There was the long period of grooming which put him in line for the Commandant's chair: The Field Officers' Course at Quantico; chief of staff duty at San Diego; operations and training officer for the Third Marine Brigade at Tientsin; back to Washington again as assistant chief of staff, FMF; then back to China in '35, first as executive officer and later CO of the American Embassy Marine Detachment, Peiping. He became military secretary to the Major General Commandant Thomas Holcomb in 1937 and assistant commandant in 1941.

His old friend Major General Phillip H. Torrey asked for him as assistant division commander for the First Mar Div, then training at New River. Finally, he fell heir to the "Fighting First" which sent him on the greatest adventure of his career—an attack that even "Old Gimlet Eye" would have been squeasy about.

Here he was with a handful of men set down on an island most Americans had never heard of, let alone seen; an island that was by its very nature an enemy in itself, infested with insects and drenched in rain; cut by rivers, ravines and spined down the middle by precipitous mountains with sloping saddles between their crests; an island which presented myriad contrasting sights of beauty and decay, life and death, order and disorder. Around the Lever Brothers' clean and ordered stands of plantation palms swarmed the impenetrable jungle, broken here and there by

fields of razor-edged switch grass growing higher than a man's head. And from the commanding height of the teak and Banyan trees, tangled, twisted thorny vines hung like defensive wire.

Somehow he and his men had managed to carry off the campaign with the maximum amount of success involving the minimum amount of casualties. The grim evidence of how each battle had turned out was everywhere. It could be seen in the 800 dead Japanese bodies lying thick on the Tenaru sandpit; the bloated dead that washed in from the sunken transports, the hundreds of others scattered up and down the Ilu and around the crest at Grassy Knoll. Oftimes while inspecting his front lines after a battle, walking in that short, jerky step with the tommy gun slung loosely over his shoulder, he tried to decide in his own mind what it was that had beaten the enemy and each time he remembered the incident at Shanghai; the arrogant egotism, the gross underestimation of America as an opponent.

There had been one engagement, the Battle of Raiders' Ridge, which had been too close for comfort. His lines were stretched desperately thin and yielded to penetration. Pete del Valle had pulled that chestnut out of the fire with his artillery and he complimented him next morning.

This was the same del Valle who later had rushed into his command shack one morning, excited and apprehensive. A 14-inch shell had scored a direct hit on his CP, wounding an executive officer and a communications officer and killing several other valuable men.

"Things look pretty bad," he said.

"Oh hell, Pete. All you need is a good stiff drink."

And when the artillery colonel left, he admired this man more than ever. He had seen the general weather disaster many times before and never had he seen his spirit ruffled. He had searched his face that fateful night of October 13-14 when a superior Japanese naval force drove off the remnant of an embattled U.S. Pacific fleet. The broad-beamed cargo ships pulled for open sea with the half unloaded stores for a whole reinforced division and never once did the face crack.

Did the man not realize that the sole source of supply for 15,000 men had just been cut off and within the week they would be eating captured Japanese rice and fish? The blue eyes, crinkled at the corners from years of looking into tropical suns, never changed. The lips stayed compressed, a slash across the face above the powerful, tenacious jaw, and then somebody remembered. This was the man who Butler had once described as the "feudinist, fightinist hillbilly not still makin corn likker."

There were other disappointments that had to be hidden. The information in the darkest days that his division had been written off the books at home as lost; the repeated announcements by radio commentators that "losing Guadalcanal would not be decisive," and his remark to Jerry Thomas at the time:

"Well, Jerry, damned if we aren't all dead and don't know it."

It was a little bit like the time the reporter accosted him on Red Beach on D plus 1.

"Do you think your men can hold the island, General Vandegrift?"

The question came as a distinct shock because everybody was fighting for all that was in him and the order of the day was victory.

"Why hell yes," he answered coldly. "And why not?"

They did.

END

General Vandegrift confers with his successor, General Cates, newly-appointed commandant

Official U. S. Marine Corps Photos

# POSTS OF THE CORPS



# Saipan



The Marine Barracks at Saipan are located in the



Colonel George Monson is the Island Provost Marshal and commander of the Marine Barracks

**T**HE Marines and soldiers who slugged their way up Mount Tapotchau, through Bloody Acres and Dead Man's Gulch, didn't like Saipan. Neither did a majority of the men who followed them in long months of occupation and garrison duty. They found little to recommend Saipan as a serious contender for Kauai, Hawaii's title as the "Garden Island of the Pacific." But that was three years ago.

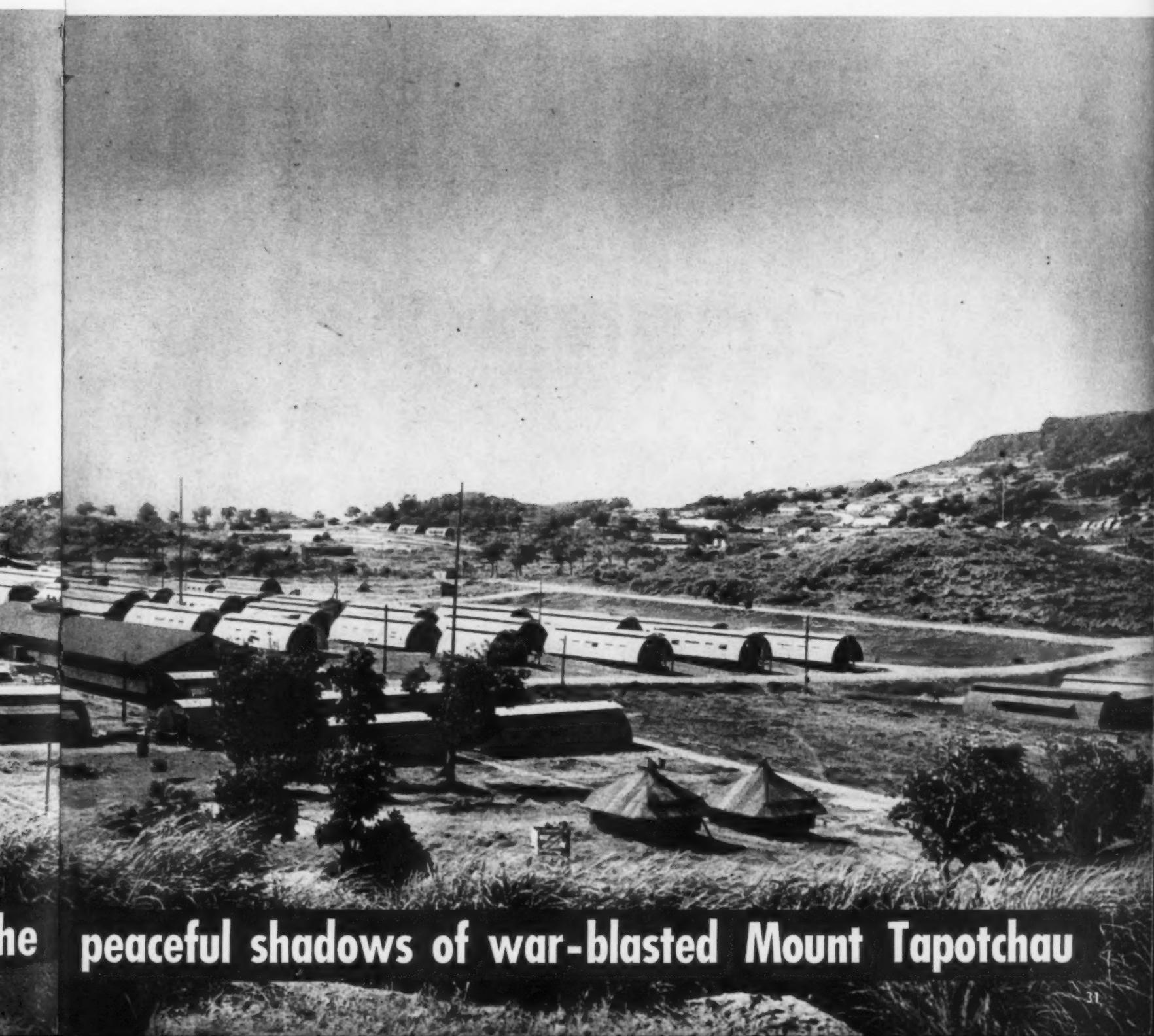
Today, fast growing jungle vines and vegetation have obliterated the ugly scars of war and covered many of the deserted and weathered buildings. Mount Tapotchau stands like a 1554-foot sentinel over what might be a suitable background for a pastoral scene. This serenity, however, did not exist on 7 July, 1944. A desperate and fanatical Banzai charge had turned it into "Bloody Acres."

When General Saito, Japanese commander, realized his situation was hopeless he ordered his men to die for the glory of Japan. Every man who could walk, joined in the one big charge.

Marines observed amputees and men on crutches; some armed and some

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer



the peaceful shadows of war-blasted Mount Tapotchau

## SAIPAN (cont.)

unarmed, but all wanting to kill just one American. They hurled themselves against the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 105th Army Infantry with the crazed fury of men who wanted to die.

The American lines broke and the Japanese rolled on like a great tidal wave. About 1000 yards behind the infantry, Batteries I and H of the Tenth Marines worked their 105s furiously. As the Nips came closer to them they lowered their weapons to point blank range. Many of their shells exploded only 100 yards in front of the gun emplacements. Still the Japanese came on, forcing the Marines to remove the firing blocks of their guns, making them useless, and retreat, fighting like infantrymen.

But the end was close at hand. Other Marines from the artillery batteries grabbed whatever weapons they could find and joined their buddies. The Sixth and Eighth Marines were moved forward and the 165th Army Infantry and the Twenty-third Marines went into the attack. The greatest Banzai of the war, to that date, was over. An area of about an acre was almost covered with dead Japanese. Burial parties needed days to clear the carnage. It was truly a Bloody Acre.

The people who come to Saipan now see only a lush, green island. A lot of American ingenuity and foresight was used in its reconstruction, making it a very attractive spot. It is classed as one of the best planned bases in the Pacific. First-timers to the island are referring to it as a "Garden Isle." Only the complete lack of liberty entertainment prevents Marines now on the island from agreeing with them.

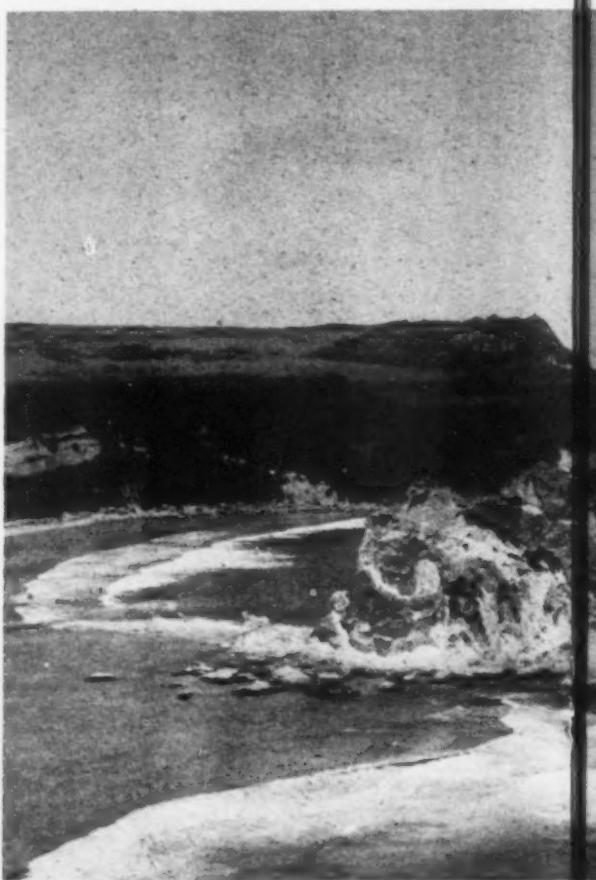
Like all other islands under Navy control, Marines handle a majority of the provost and military police duties normal to the requirements of an advance base island command. The 175 men and eight officers of the Marine Barracks are commanded by Colonel George E. Monson. Major W. V. Crockett is executive officer and Master Sergeant John Holliday is post sergeant major. END



The relics of war are fast disappearing from the battlefields of Saipan. In a short time



Deserted and weather-beaten cities, resembling the old ghost towns in the western United States, remain as the last reminders of the Second Marine Division's wartime sojourn on the isle of Saipan

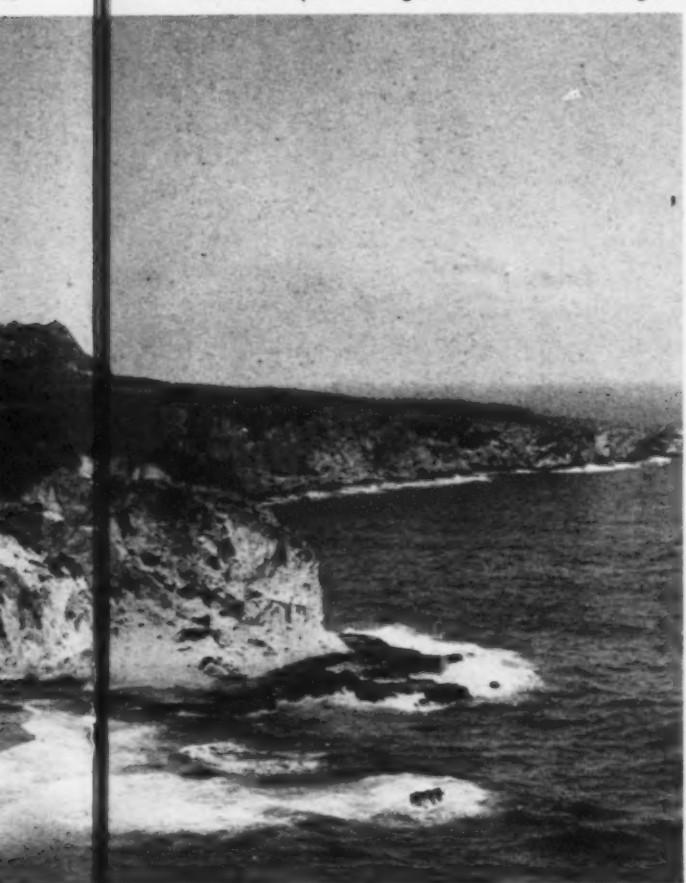


The eastern coast line is extremely rugged, and furnished the Japanese with many natural

**Saipan was a key to**



this American tank will be covered with vines  
that are reputed to grow 36 inches overnight



fortifications. Marines used the tiny Tsukimi  
Island as a target for their souvenir weapons

## the Japanese empire

Photos by Sgt. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



The Japanese took advantage of this rough terrain to build elaborate fortifications, many of which were cut from solid rock. This OP covered a long section of beach line.

**SAIPAN (cont.)**



Twisted ruins are all that remain of a once thriving sugar industry in Saipan. While its soil could easily support a diversified agricultural

program, sugar was the only productive industry during the years of Japanese control. Farming and fishing now bolster the native economy



In order to prove that there really was a building underneath this mass of vines, the photographer had PFC Paul Johnston pull some of

them away to reveal the top of a quonset hut. This is in the Second Marine Division's old area, near the commanding general's quarters



The pin point accuracy of naval gun fire is graphically illustrated by this direct hit on a Japanese emplacement



Scores of natives, and Japanese soldiers, leaped to their death from Suicide Cliff, rather than surrender to Marines

## Many who see Saipan today refer to it as a "Garden Isle"



Saipan, Kwajalein, Lejeune or Pendleton, field training goes on just the same in the Marine Corps. The Marine Barracks at Saipan follow

a standing order from Marine Garrison Forces, Pacific, to train all of the men who are stationed there for possible future duty in the FMF



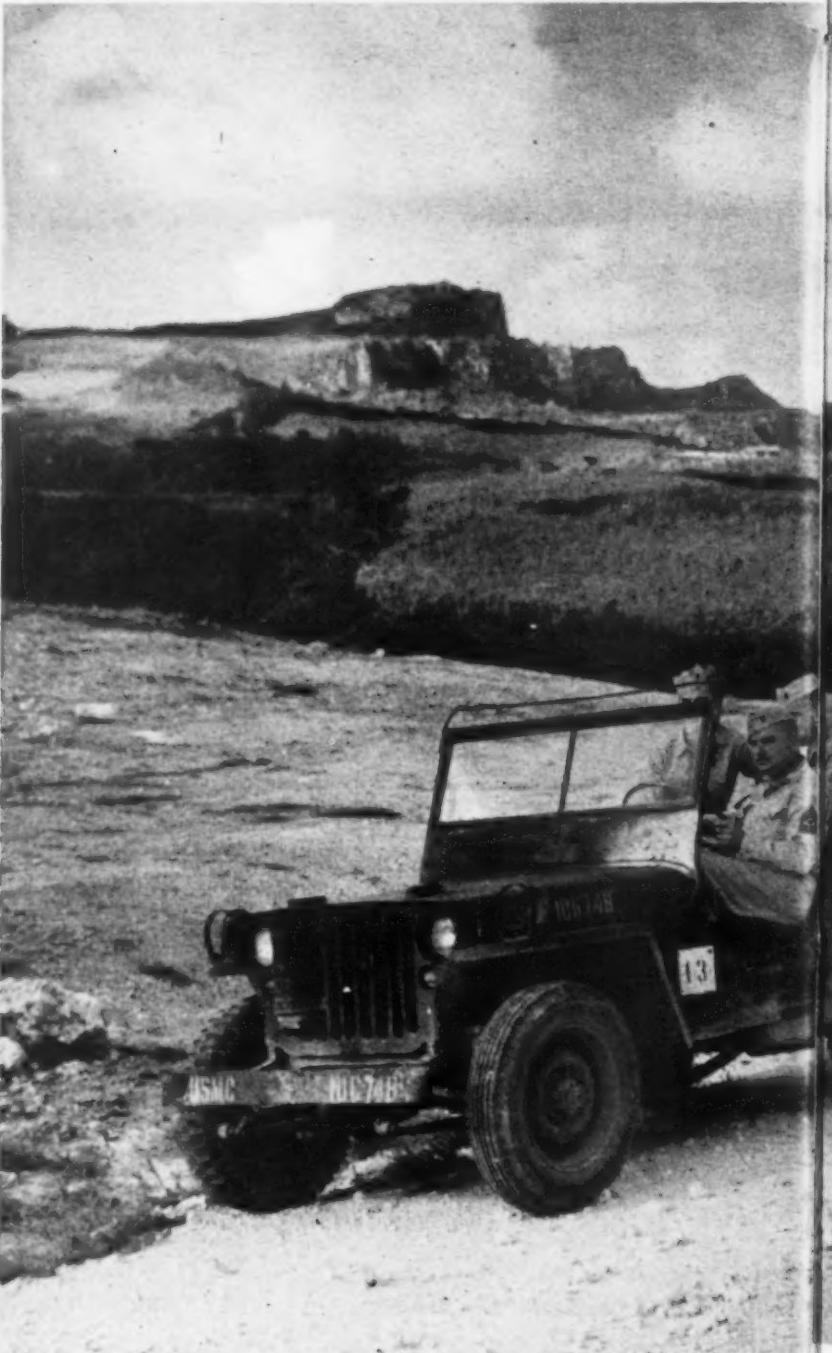
The former Japanese settlement of Chalan Kanoa, destroyed during the invasion, has been rebuilt as a native village



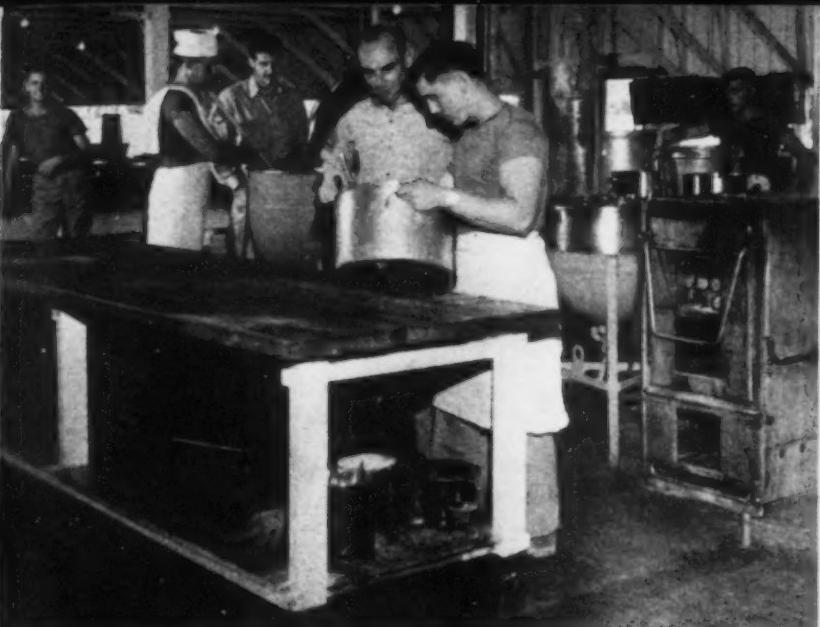
It's good swimming at the bottom of Marpi Cavern, provided you care to risk the steep, hazardous trail to the water



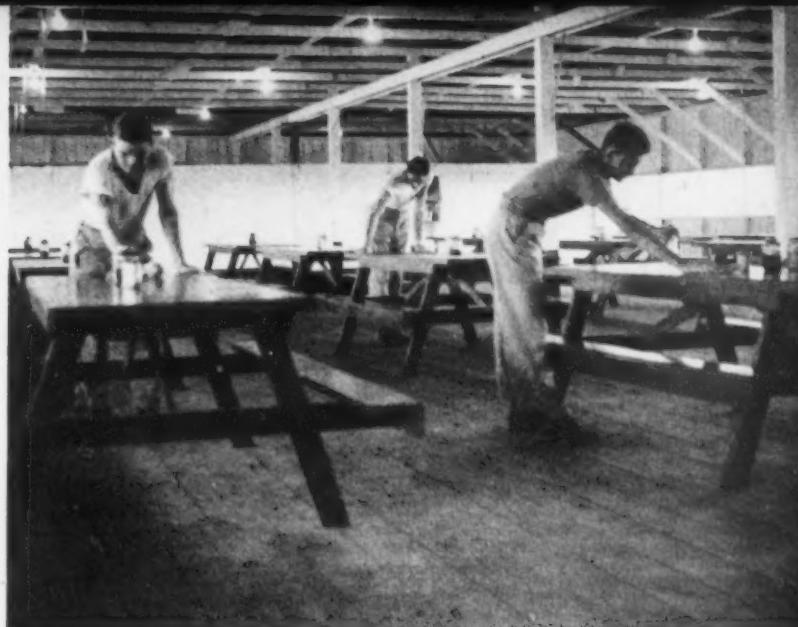
PFCs James Jones and Ben O'Neal try a Japanese AA gun for size, while visiting Saipan's excellent museum and library



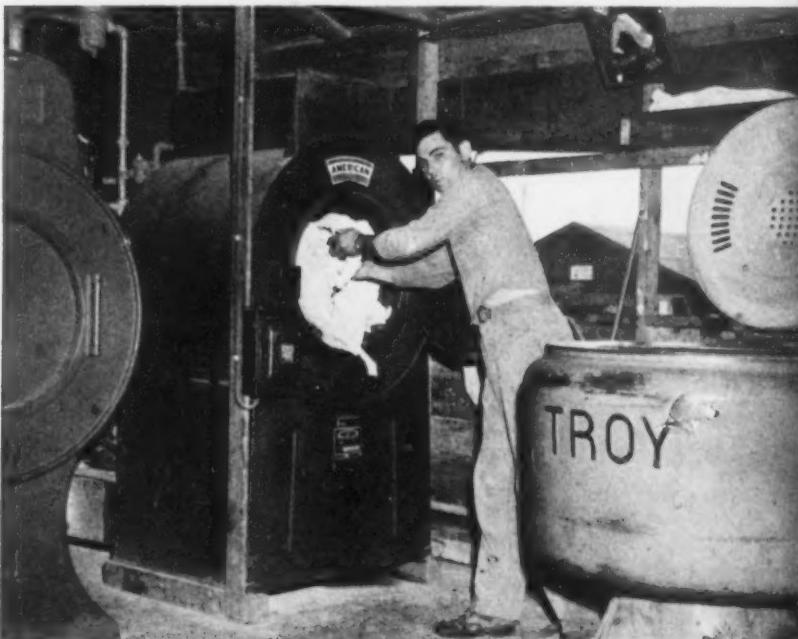
Both the Germans and Japanese built roads on Saipan during their rule of the island, but it remained for the Americans to plan and



PFC Henry Kaping, a cook, prepares a meat sauce under the eye of the mess sergeant, Master Sergeant Mervin Silverman



"Abie's Dining Salon," as the mess hall is known, may not look like the Ritz, but no one can deny it isn't as clean



When transferring to a new post, Marines are interested in laundry service. PFC Floy Newkirk says it's good at Saipan



Cribbage, a popular game with many older men of the Corps, is an inevitable pastime at the NCO Club on off-duty hours



construct a modern network of roads that would allow quick access to almost any part of the island, even with heavy motor transport

# P.X.

ROOT  
BEER

"—an' a razor blade"

"Cream and sugar?"

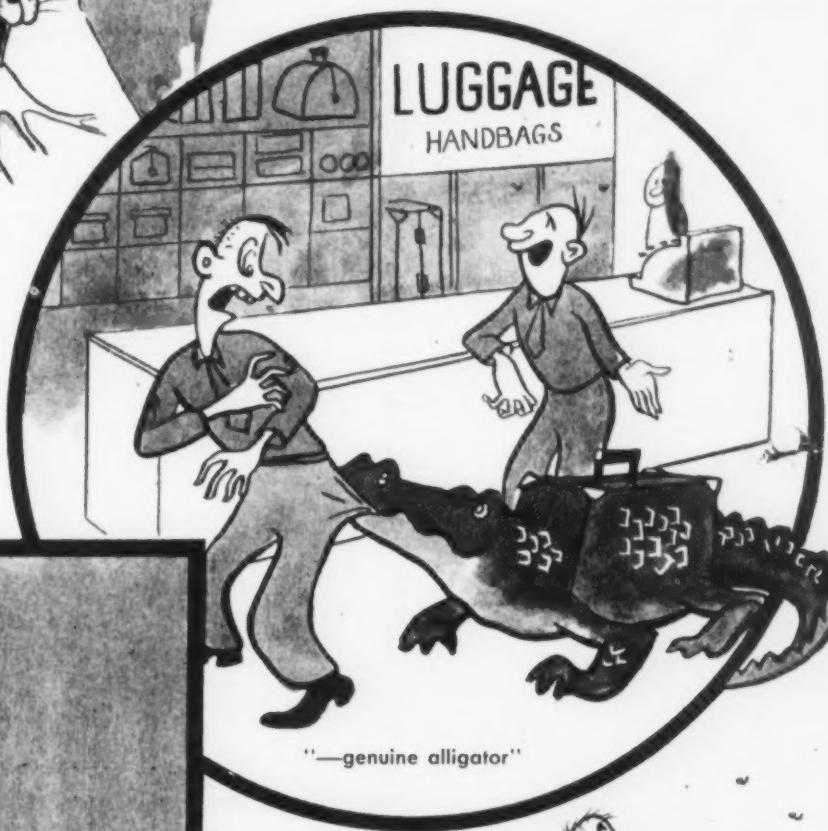
"But I'm not buying it for myself—it's for my wife!"

GEO. BOOTH





"Hey Sarge, we're all out of lime ade"



"—genuine alligator"



"I knew that one would get him"



"I go through a pair of socks in no time"

# Navy Day

by PFC Michael Gould

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**N**AVY Day 1947 saw Marines on all naval shore installations contributing color to celebrations marking the end of an important year. At Anacostia NAS, a mock landing assault was staged for the benefit of the visiting public. While Marine and naval reserve fighter squadrons passed overhead in strafing and bombing runs, a platoon of Quantico Marines dashed from burlap and wood dummy barges to attack three pillboxes which had been set up near the runway "beach." The Marines demonstrated their specialist techniques, hitting the deck to cover rifle-grenadiers with machine gun and small arms fire. Then, amid TNT explosions, timed perfectly to coincide with the bombing runs, the flamethrowers went into action, finishing off the pillboxes. The Marines who participated in the Anacostia show were the first to be televised in action.

The exhibitions at Anacostia and other naval stations were intended to give Americans a glimpse of Navy preparedness. And the record-smashing nature of last year's achievements served to emphasize the new theory: In this atomic age, unrelenting scientific research is paramount, because power is not necessarily measured in size alone. Efficiency and progress have become the new concepts of military and naval might.

For the surface and underset units of the fleet, 1947 was a year of exploration. Four thousand Marines and naval personnel withstood six months of an Antarctic day and part of an Antarctic night on "Operation High-Jump," the largest scientific expedition in history. While discovering 1,700,000 square miles of new territory, 22 mountain ranges, 26 islands and nine bays, Task Force 68 tested new and standard equipment under some of the worst climatic conditions in the world.

## Marines play their part in honoring the fleet

The *Sea Robin*, a U. S. submarine, began a cruise at Cristobal, Canal Zone, and sailed down the entire west coast of South America, then continued around Cape Horn to return to Cristobal. It was another in a series of planned tests of submarine equipment. On Navy Day, the fleets had reached the four-fifths mark in the tremendous task of placing 2000 ships in "mothsballs". Within the past 12 months two aircraft carriers, a cruiser, a light cruiser, four destroyers, and a submarine slid down the ways to join American sea power afloat. The Navy took the First and Second Marine Divisions as well as two Army divisions on landing exercises during the year.

The naval air arm broke records in 1947 with apparent ease and rapidity. A Navy patrol plane, the Lockheed P2V "Truculent Turtle," flew nonstop 11,236 miles to set a new international mark. A Grumman F8F Bearcat climbed from a standing start to 10,000 feet of altitude in one minute and 34 seconds, breaking all previous records, a feat which floored the people in aviation circles. A lighter-than-airship took off and flew for 170.3 hours without once touching the earth, chalking up another Navy triumph. The year's most publicized speed record of 650.6 miles per hour was established by a Navy experimental jet aircraft, the Douglas-built D-588 Skystreak, piloted by Marine Major Marion Carl.

It is safe to assume that few Navy Days in the future will celebrate so many records established and so much outstanding progress made in the country's tri-phibious fight for military excellence. Certainly, few years in the past have come to such rich and rewarding ends.

Photos by Sgt. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Bazookas rocked the targets until enveloping smoke provided cover for close-in fighting



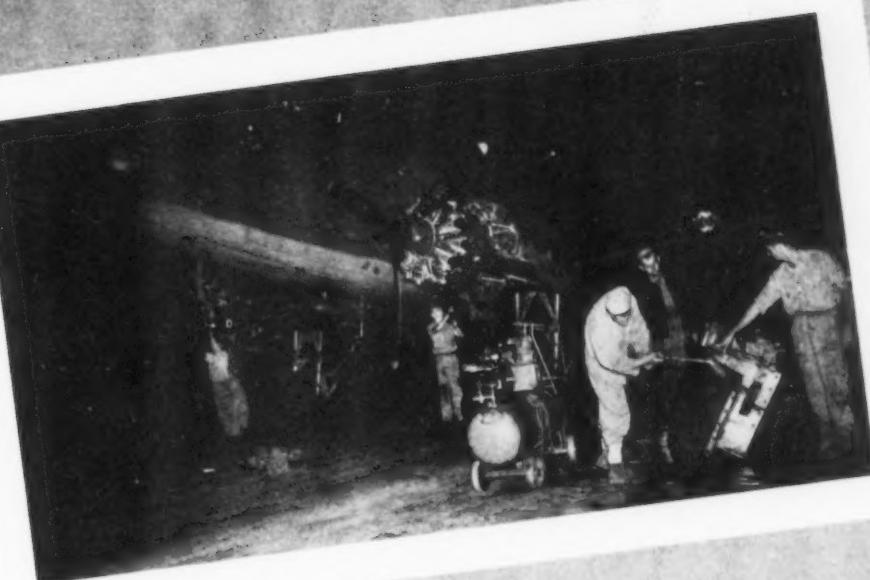
A combat equipped platoon of Quantico Marines file to the improvised barges to await "H" hour



Marines, charging from a stationary, wooden barge, attacked three dummy pillboxes which were rapidly and completely demolished by an accurate concentration of fire



Fighters and a patrol bomber were exhibited with detailed displays of aviation weapons

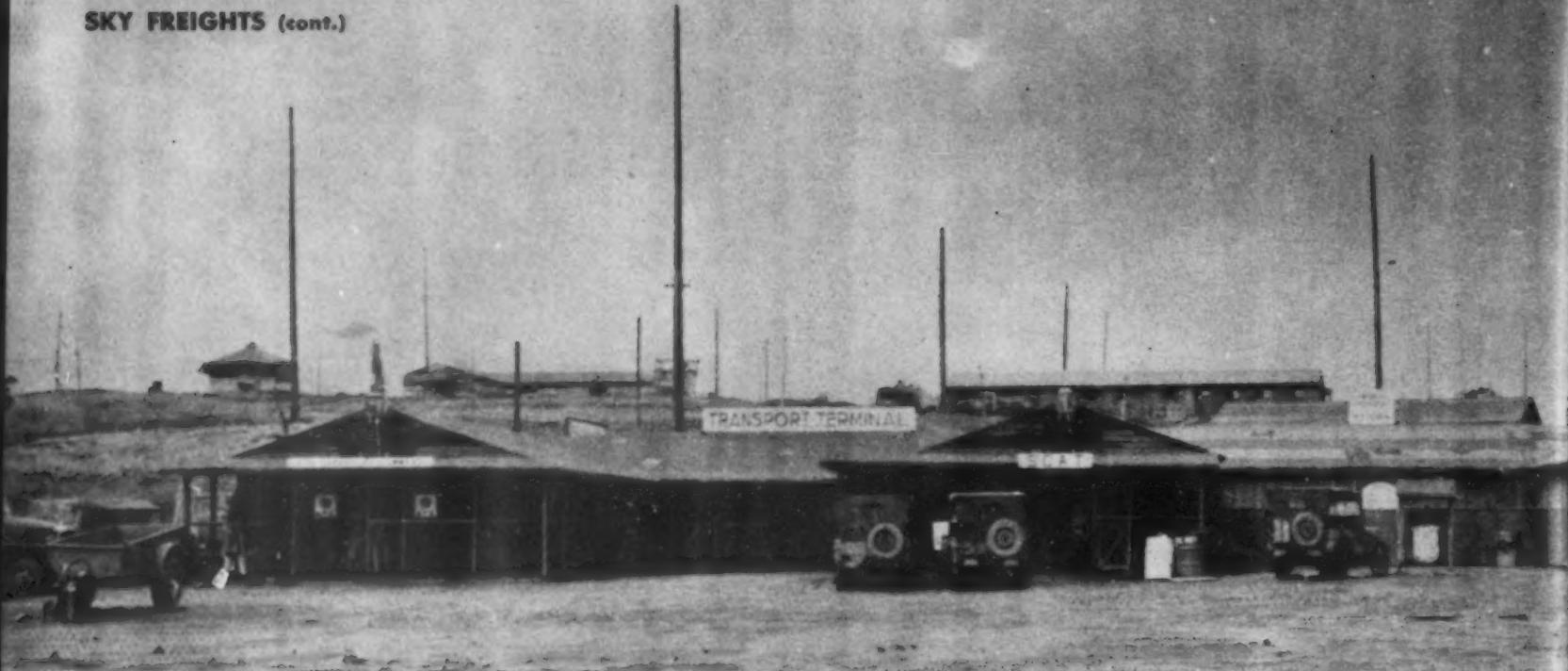


SKY

SKY FREIGHTS ▶

TURN PAGE 41

## SKY FREIGHTS (cont.)



November, 1942, saw the first combined operations of SCAT from New Caledonia. Headquarters, above, was set up near the Tontouta River

and remained there until it was moved up to Henderson Field on the "Canal. Marine air units comprised the nucleus of the transport group

by PFC Paul W. Hicks Jr.

Lauhernack Staff Writer

THE sky over Saipan looked like a combination of the Cleveland Air races and a huge Fourth of July celebration. Carrier planes were giving the works, and getting some of it back. Stiff resistance on the island had already taken a heavy toll of the Marine assault force, and hospital facilities were bogged down. Casualties were piling up and there was no place to put them.

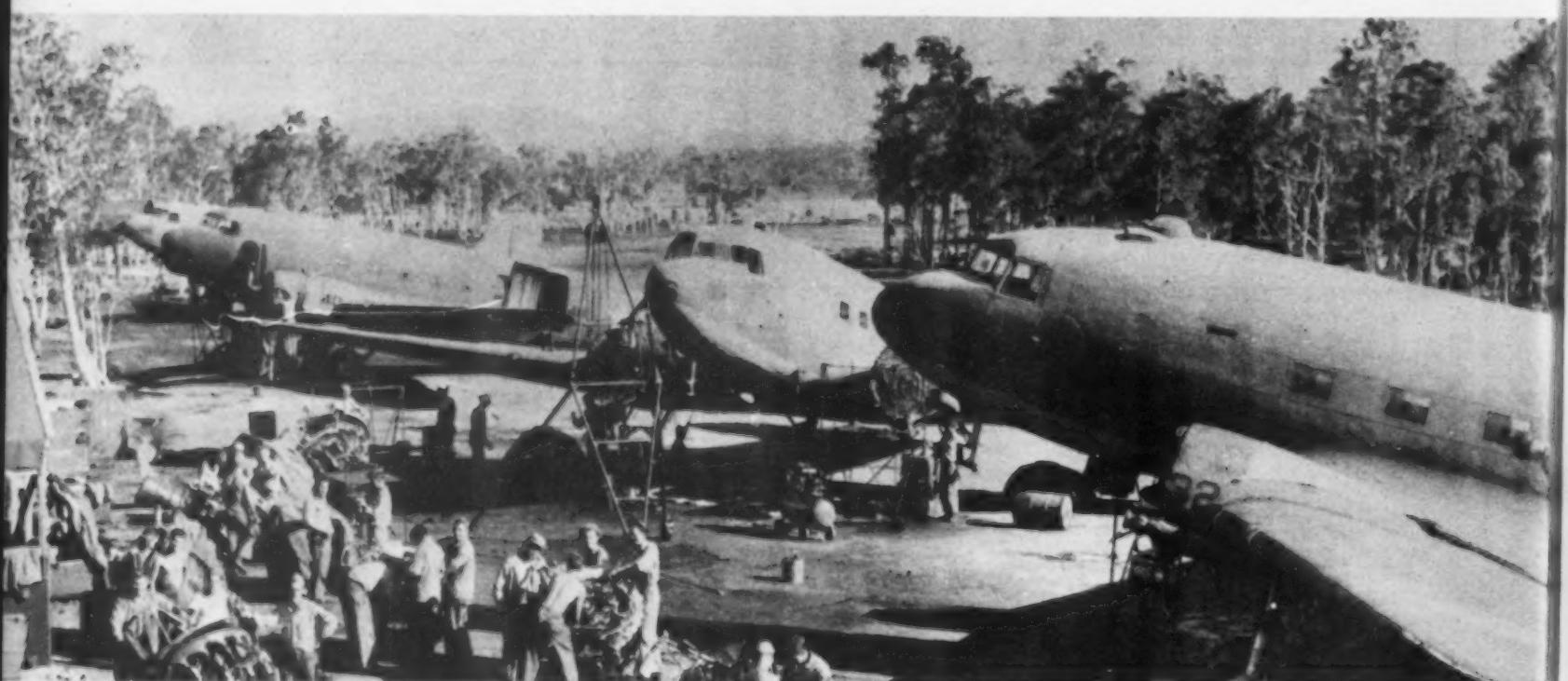
Then, out of the confusion overhead, two Marine Air Transports swooped down toward the field. They lumbered onto the shell-pocked runway which had been taken from the Japs only the day before. Then they lurched to a stop. Ground crews were unloading their cargo before the pilots and crews had time

to alight. While mortars burst uncomfortably close and Jap snipers took pot shots at the busy corpsmen, litters of badly wounded men replaced the cargo aboard the two planes. These litters had been carried down from the hills and the men on them breathed easier, knowing that their long trip back was finally moving into high gear. When the planes had been refueled, they took off and this time they were bound for the cool safety of the hospitals on Eniwetok.

Saipan was not the first campaign that had seen Marine Air Transports carry crated supplies into the forward areas and wounded men out. Planes had been supplying Marines since the Nicaraguan campaign and had flown mercy missions since the hectic days just after Pearl Harbor. Before the end of hostilities this unsung unit had flown millions of miles unarmed, in and out of the hottest combat zones in which Marines have ever fought.

During the entire war, Marine air transports lived dangerously among the Pacific islands, skimming wave tops, dodging in and out of cloud banks and through some of the worst possible flying weather. Yet the service suffered but a tiny loss of men, machines and material. The efficiency records of Marine Air Groups 15, 21, and 25, whose transports were the principle units of Marine Air supply from Guadalcanal to the end of the line, were unbelievable. Saipan was only one stop on the express route to Tokyo for the predominately Marine SCAT, TAG and CENCAT.

Up to and including the early part of the Second World War, the only Marine air transport units were utility squadrons, attached to Marine air groups. However, during the first few months of the war it became evident that these squadrons would be inadequate as such and that further organization



Along the transport routes to the front lines, engine change set-ups had to be developed and maintained. Here planes of MAG-25 get a

quick emergency servicing. MAG-25, one of the first transport units to arrive in the Southwest Pacific, finally ended up in North China



## Marine Air Transport supplied the ground forces from Pearl Harbor to the heart of Japan

would be necessary for the supply of ground forces.

VMJ-252 was the first Marine utility squadron to supply outlying bases in the Pacific. The first Marine Air Group organized principally for transport work was MAG-25, which got its start in the business of full-scale combat supply during the Guadalcanal campaign. MAG-25, which later became the nucleus of SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport Service), was first organized at Camp Kearny, Calif., in July, 1942. Its formation proved well timed, for that summer First Division Marines were pinned down on Guadalcanal and it was becoming increasingly difficult to supply them by sea. Air Transport was the only answer.

On 23 August, 1942, the first echelon of 13 R4Ds from MAG-25 took off for the South Pacific from the Naval Air Station at San Diego. On 3 September, the last planes of the formation arrived at New Caledonia. That same day the late Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, commanding officer of the First Marine Air Wing, arrived at Henderson Field with his chief of staff, Major General (then Colonel) Louis E. Woods, to take over Marine Air operations in the Solomons.

MAG-25 began immediately on the first major airborne supply job in the history of the Marine Corps. On 5 September, Lieutenant Colonel W. E. Marshall, a former TWA pilot, flew into Henderson field with 3000 pounds of candy and cigarettes, two precious and very scarce commodities on the 'Canal. The following day Marshall took a plane load of wounded out to New Caledonia, the first of such shuttle runs — in with supplies and out with casualties — in the Solomons.

A permanent base had been set up for MAG-25 in New Caledonia and its camp had been pitched close to the Tontouta River. From there supplies poured north into the 'Canal, providing for a time the only dependable source of supply for the First Division. Overwhelming Jap naval superiority in the Solomons presented an almost impenetrable blockade for American ships. Daily attempts to run supplies into Guadalcanal by sea were broken up, and it was up to air transport to keep the First Division alive.

Flying 'round-the-clock schedules in planes that were in constant need of service and repair, pilots and crews of MAG-25 kept the life-line open despite terrific opposition. The scant supply of American fighters was needed to support ground operations, and could not be spared to escort the fat-bellied transports up from New Caledonia. Jap planes had almost unlimited freedom of the air and unpredictable Pacific weather presented another hazard to the heavily loaded, over-taxed R4D "Skytrains." Not only were they flying without arms or armor, through heavy Jap fighter opposition, but they also were forced to endure constant strafing and bombing



An R4D transport is shown parked beneath the palm trees at a SCAT terminal in the Pacific

TURN PAGE 43

**SCAT, TAG, and CENCAT, three of  
the Pacific transport groups which made  
history by rescuing the wounded,  
operated in nearly every island campaign**

attacks on the strip at Henderson Field. Yet, in the first seven, and hottest, months of Solomons operations, MAG-25 lost neither a plane nor a man. Appropriately enough, its motto was "Security in the Clouds."

In October, 1942, the Japs were massing for their final all-out assault against Marine ground forces on the 'Canal. It was then that the squadrons, which later were organized into SCAT, valiantly upheld the hard-pressed First Division. When the enemy offensive began, Henderson became the scene of constant transport activity and many an isolated unit, out of supplies and about to go under, was visited by the hedge-hopping planes of MAG-25.

In November, Admiral Fitch, then commanding AirSoPac, ordered the consolidation of Army, Navy and Marine personnel and equipment into a composite organization for the transportation of supplies and equipment to the forward areas, and the evacuation of casualties.

During a historic conference at Tontouta, Gen. Geiger and the officers of the various squadrons worked out plans for the first real Marine combat air transport unit in history. They decided to call it the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Service, SCAT, and until the tide of war shifted on the South Pacific, it was the largest, most air transport unit in the Pacific theatre.

After the 'Canal had been secured, Henderson Field became a huge transport terminal. Throughout the campaigns at Bougainville, New Georgia, Munda, and New Guinea, a constant stream of vital equip-

ment, medical supplies, and ammo flowed north out of Guadalcanal. A typical mission was one at New Georgia, where Marine Raiders were isolated in a strategic position on the northern tip of the island with supplies running low. Their only aid must come from the clouds. At Henderson, several transports were heavily loaded with food and mortar ammo — the most needed item of combat material. Flying in over the jungle the Skytrains dumped their parapacks over prearranged positions, and another job was chalked up for the record.

FROM the northern Solomons SCAT moved on to Bougainville, where its most important job was the evacuation of casualties too badly wounded for front-line treatment. The delivery of fresh foods, greens, and eggs to forward areas from New Zealand brought a welcome diversion to troop menus. Much of this cargo was handled by pilots and plane crews who were on the verge of combat fatigue, yet hardly an egg in those precious loads was broken.

By the end of June, 1944, SCAT was servicing the entire South Pacific, flying routes that stretched more than 6000 miles. Terminals on the schedule included Efate, Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides, Guadalcanal, Russell, Rendova, New Georgia, Vella La Vella, Treasury, New Guinea, Bougainville, New Caledonia, the Fijis, Australia and New Zealand. No island, regardless of its size, was by-passed if American troops were stationed there.

By this time, however, the American offensive had shifted to the Central Pacific and the need for



SOPAC combat transports was diminishing. Some SCAT units continued to operate in that area throughout the remainder of the war, but many, including elements of MAG-25, joined forces with such groups as CENCAT and TAG, for transport work in the Central Pacific.

These former SCAT units joined Marine squadrons VMJ-252, 353, and others which had been supplying the westward offensive in CENPAC. Of the latter, VMJ-252 was the most important. It had been in operation in the Pacific since January, 1941.

VMJ-252 was originally transferred to the Pacific as VMJ-2, when it was based with MAG-2, at Ewa, T.H. Later the designations of both the squadron and the group were changed — VMJ-2 to VMJ-252, and MAG-2 to MAG-21. When the Japs attacked Ewa on December 7, 1941, VMJ-252 became one of the first Marine squadrons to see action in World War II. On that tragic day the squadron was almost wiped out. All but one of its planes were destroyed on the ground. However, after being reinforced early in 1942, the unit began shuttle runs to Midway, during the battle there, and later to Palmyra, Samoa, and Johnston Island.

At the height of the battle of Midway, the island commander sent an urgent request to Ewa for 50-cal. machine gun ammunition, water cans and carts. Almost all incendiary ammo had been expended and the water supply and distribution facilities had been destroyed. Two R4Ds of VMJ-252 at Ewa were overloaded with the necessary items and, despite warnings that enemy planes were active over most of



A flight of R4D's line up at Torokina Point on Bougainville, to receive casualties for transfer to the rear area hospitals



An Army nurse, one of the many who flew on mercy missions in transports, comforts a Marine wounded on Bougainville



In North China some elements of Marine Air Transport continued their operations by helping to supply the far-flung occupation forces of

the First Division during late '45 and throughout '46. Many techniques developed by battle; such as dropping para-packs, were often

the 1130-mile route, they took off for the embattled island.

Flying in and out of protective cloud banks, the planes, led by Major General, (then Colonel) "Sheriff" Larkin, CO of MAG-21, made the flight to Midway and delivered the much needed ammo and material. Then, with the battle raging around and over the field, the planes were unloaded and reloaded with seriously wounded personnel. This flight out of Midway, the planes crammed with wounded and dying men, was the first of the mercy missions that later became routine Pacific combat transport duty.

At that time both the Army and Navy, as well as the Marine Corps, were dependent on Marine air transports for the heaviest supply loads, because the Marine planes had doors capable of admitting cumbersome spare parts and large cargo material. Late in 1943 the now-famous Curtis "Commandos" came into prominence in Pacific transport work, and VMJ-252 was the first Marine unit to use them. The "Commando," with its additional pay load and longer range, was better suited to the needs of the front, and soon had almost completely replaced the R4Ds in the Pacific.

As the tempo of American offensive was stepped up, the individual transport squadrons strained to keep the supply lines open to all operations. In November, 1943, the Central Pacific Combat Air Transport Service (CENCAT) had been organized to facilitate the rapid supply of ground forces and included Marine, Army and Navy planes. Then, in March, 1944, the combined forces of the Marine, Army and Navy transport services formed the basis for a new Pacific unit called the Transport Air Group (TAG). Although the three services provided administrative and ground crew personnel, the great majority of planes and flight personnel was drawn from Marine aviation ranks. This unit grew swiftly and it was soon subdivided into two parts. One kept the original designation TAG and the other became the Transport Carrier Group (TCG), operating in the Marshalls-Gilberts area.

From the outset, TAG was one of the most outstanding air transport groups in any theatre during

the war. Included in the TAG lineup by December, 1944, were Marine units VMR (the designation VMJ, which had meant utility, had been changed to VMR, which meant transport) 252, 253, 353 and 953, and the Army's 9th Troop Carrier Squadron. TAG headquarters was originally opened at British Samoa, and later moved to Funafuti, Apamama, Saipan, and Guam. TAG and TCG planes operated over the entire Central Pacific theatre, including the islands of Tarawa, Kwajalein, Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and all points along and with the bloody advance to Tokyo.

TAG planes were the first transports into Saipan when on D plus 7, two R4Ds ferried six fighters into the field while it was still under fire. This escort flight had taken off from Eniwetok without much briefing as to weather conditions, enemy opposition along the way, or conditions at the other end. Flying blindly into the battle zone, the transports led the fighters safely onto the field and then sat unprotected on the strip while cargos were unloaded. Scores of casualties were loaded aboard and flown out to Eniwetok. This operation cost TAG just one casualty. Lieutenant Colonel Neil M. McIntyre, leading the flight, climbed out of his plane at Eniwetok — and sneezed. He'd caught a cold in the rain at Saipan.

DURING the Tinian operations, transports flying from the newly-won strip on Saipan delivered over 120,000 pounds of vital supplies, evacuating casualties on each return trip. TAG was the only air transport outfit continually active throughout the entire Saipan-Tinian campaign. Flying the longest over-water evacuation routes on record at that time, they took out more than 1800 casualties without the loss of a patient.

Almost simultaneously, TAG was going full tilt supplying operations at Saipan, Tinian and Guam. Shortly after the field at Guam had been secured, transports landed and organized a smoothly functioning supply system, with its terminal at Orote. After the island had been secured, the terminal was enlarged, and when the Peleliu and Iwo Jima campaigns got underway, it was one of the main sources of supply.

In February, 1945, three planes and four crews of TAG were dispatched to Guam to stand by for Iwo Jima. While awaiting D-Day these planes made several trips to Samar, Leyte and Luzon in the Philippines, flying out of Orote where special engineering crews kept them in shape. After the assault on Iwo had been made, TAG began supply operations by air drop, without waiting for an airfield to be secured.

The first transport into the southernmost strip on Iwo Jima was piloted by Lieutenant Colonel Malcolm Mackay, of TAG. Before going in for a landing, Mackay circled the field and radioed for instructions. On the field below the battle was raging and a Marine, operating a small ground radio, ordered the plane in — downwind. Mackay was prepared for a tough job on the newly won, unfamiliar strip, but to land downwind would have been almost impossible. He requested permission to bring her in the usual way, and got a terse reply.

"Well, Sir," radioed the Marine on the ground, "You can come in upwind all right, but if you do, you'll get hell shot out of you."

The area just downwind from the field was still uncleared of Nips and the plane would have been exposed to heavy ground fire. Mackay made the landing as per instructions, and thus established one of the last Marine transport terminals in the Pacific, 700 miles from Tokyo.

On 18 April, 1945, two TAG planes were the first Marine transports to land on Okinawa, the last stop on the Tokyo Express. Throughout that campaign they kept a steady stream of equipment and ammo moving into the front lines. Over 10,000 para packs were dropped to forward units and often the airfields on the island looked more like the freight terminal at New York's LaGuardia field. On that last major combat supply operation every available unit of transport, surface vessel and airplane was coordinated in one of the most successful jobs of the war. But it was a tough one and for a time the action at some of the fields resembled that of the front lines. Yontan, one of the first airfields wrested from Japanese hands, was the scene of several enemy infiltrations and suicide maneuvers. One night a Jap "Sally"



## SKY FREIGHTS (cont.)

made a wheels-up landing on the strip, and 15 men emerged, armed to the teeth with prepared demolition charges, grenades, and automatic weapons. They shot up ground crews and whatever planes they could reach, including two TAG "Commandos."

By the war's end TAG was operating regular schedules between the Marianas, Carolinas, Philippines, Iwo, Okinawa and every island in the western Pacific. It's unparalleled efficiency prompted war

correspondent Wayne Parish to write in the January 18, 1945, *Liberty* magazine:

"Far out in the forward area of the Central Pacific is a military air line system that, for my money, has done one of the outstanding aviation jobs of the war. This airline is called TAG, which stands for Transport Air Group. After flying all over the Pacific, on every air transport service in that area, I concluded that if I were to award a medal to the air transport unit doing the best single job under the toughest wartime conditions, I would nominate TAG."

September, 1945, saw the disbanding of the Marine combat air transport service, but the in-

dividual squadrons and groups continued operations under the administrative control of the air wings. Most of the transports were utilized for the tremendous air transport systems to supply and man scattered island garrisons throughout the Pacific. Of the latter, MAG-15, based at Ewa, is the largest. At this writing, Marine transports are flying cargo runs from Hawaii to China and intermediate points, and their passengers include personnel from four-star rank all the way down to wandering *Leatherneck* correspondents of the two and three-stripe variety.



An RSD cruises over Oahu, T.H., not far from MAG-15 airstrip at Ewa. Both the Naval Air Transport Service and the Marines utilize this

dependable craft extensively for their present peacetime operations. During the war, RSDs were used mainly for the evacuation of wounded

**Wartime experience revealed**

**the value of cooperation between the flying**

**freight trains and the units**

**cut off from supply lines**



In China, before the withdrawal of the occupation forces, the principal Marine transport unit was MAG-25, based at the Tsankou airfield, 10 miles from Tsingtao. Moving up from Bougainville when the Marines first transferred to North China, MAG-25 shouldered the entire air supply responsibility during the early days of occupation. This job of supplying line companies in forward areas was familiar duty for the group.

Throughout its busiest period in China, MAG-25 carried out every type of assignment, from flying routine mail runs to dropping para-packed supplies to isolated cease-fire teams, desperately trying to avoid the Chinese civil war. From Tsankou, regular runs took the group's planes to Tientsin, Peiping and Shanghai, while special jobs found them circling over such widely scattered areas as Inner Mongolia, Manchuria, Korea and the Pacific islands. For a time, Marine units were the only transports available in North China but as the occupation job became more and more a joint armed services deal, Marine, Army and Navy transports coordinated in supplying the units scattered throughout China.

**I**N March, 1946, North China Air Transport extended service to the occupying Marine force in Japan, which, at that time, was the Second Division. After the departure of the Fifth Amphibious Corps from the island of Kyushu, one of the main islands in the Jap group, the Second found itself faced with the task of occupying an 1800 square-mile area. Outfits were scattered all over the island and communications and supply became a major problem. Roads were poor and after the heavy winter rains they became impassable. Air transport solved the problem and for a while the tiny OY-1s of Marine Observation Squadron 2 filled in, operating out of Omura.

Then three RSCs "Commandos", from MAG-31 at Yokosuka, were used for the mail-cargo-passenger duty. Finally, in March, 1946, four RSDs from MAG-25 hopped over and replaced the MAG-31 jobs without any interruption of schedule. These transports exceeded all expectations and despite the fouled-up fields and the bad weather, transport aircraft in Kyushu averaged 60,000 pounds of mail and freight, plus 550 passengers per month. Total operations for all aircraft attached to the Second Division for air transport approximated 85,000 air miles, carrying 66,000 pounds of cargo and 750 passengers per month.

This effective air support of the Second made possible the saving of two days on all first-class mail, air evacuation of sick or injured Marines, the flying of medical teams to the sick or injured when evacuation was impossible, the rapid circulation of movie films and USO shows, and above all, closer liaison between units in the occupation force.

The results of the operations of Marine air transports in Japan and China have demonstrated conclusively that aircraft support is highly important to Marine line outfits, whether in war or in peace. Furthermore, the close integration of aircraft transports with the operations of line outfits during the latter part of the war and the early phase of occupation brought home to the average Marine, enlisted man and officer, the essential role air transport plays in support of any Marine operation.

Since the end of the war Marine air transport has been steadily extending its facilities to include the movement of troops to and from stations and assignments in this hemisphere. The First Special Marine Brigade was ferried to Cuba for its maneuvers there in '46, as were certain elements of the FMF, Atlantic, more recently. Many recruits have been flown from Parris Island to various stations in this country and some outgoing drafts have been moved from the East to the West Coast.

It is possible that, in the near future Marine air transport may completely replace the unpopular troop train. Should such a change be made, instead of long days on a hot, dirty "trooper," the Marine transient would face but a few hours of comparative comfort in the clouds. Although present air transportation of troops is limited, all future large-scale troop movements within the continental United States could be conducted by elements of the Marine Corps' own air transport service. This welcome change would greatly increase the speed of transfers, cut the costs and allow for a greater mobility of troops.

END

Official Marine Corps Photos

WRIGHT TYPE B



NORTHROP B-49

by PFC Michael Gould  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

## FLYING WINGS

**A**LONG with tricycle landing gear, tail-first planes, pusher engines and numerous other supposedly recent features, the flying wing was born during the infancy of the airplane.

The British claimed the better part of the doubtful success which "wing" designs enjoyed, soon after the first World War, with their Peredactyl, named after the prehistoric mammal which flew without a tail. Experiments were continued by various countries up to the pre-World War II period, but none proved practical until the Northrop Aviation Corporation's studies of the problem paid off. Jack Northrop, head of the corporation, finally managed to get his 23-year-old dream into the air when he built several one-seated, small-scale versions of what is now the B-35. They were America's first successful flying wings.

The latest Northrop "wings" are not true flying wings. A true wing is just that, and nothing more, but the B-35 and the B-49 carry dorsal fins to stabilize them in flight. These fins, however, do not contain rudders as in conventional aircraft.

The first model accepted by the U.S. Air Forces in 1946 was the B-35, a 172 foot-wing-spanned giant. It is propelled by four Pratt & Whitney Wasp R-4360 pusher-type engines, mounted on the trailing edge of the wing. The elevon, a combination of the elevator (which controls the vertical movements of an aircraft) and the ailerons (which control the rolling motions) is one of the several recent inventions used in the B-35.

A peculiar type of rudder is employed since the vertical fins on the wing's surfaces are used for stabilization only. It was designed expressly for the plane and consists of a pair of jaw-like flaps near each of the wing tips. When the pilot wishes to apply the rudder effect, the jaws, which are closed and blended into the trailing edge when not in use, open on one wing tip, creating a tremendous amount of drag, swinging the plane around.

Almost all modern, heavy aircraft demand the use of hydraulic "boosters" to aid the pilots in controlling flight, for the very weight and size of the control surfaces would make flying an impossible task without this mechanical aid. The B-35 and B-49, larger than most present-day bombers, are not exceptions. The difficulty in operating control surfaces increases with speed. These "boosters", upon receiving a little pressure from the pilot's wheel, multiply the force many times to push the control surfaces, regardless of speed.

The B-49 was the logical advance over the B-35. Substituting eight General Electric J-35 jet engines and a much larger airframe with many design improvements, Northrop built the most revolutionary aircraft in operation today. The B-49 has completed the severe acceptance tests of the Air Forces and is in small quantity production. Not many will be purchased by the Air Forces, however, for more advanced designs are flowing from America's drawing boards before present models can be put into full service.

END



The Southland's first "Miss America", Barbara Walker, was made an honorary colonel by Lieut. Col. George Benson at a Memphis Marine Corps Birthday Ball

## WE·THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Stanley T. Linn

### Nice Liberty

There is a reason why many of the Marines duty at the American Embassy in Paris are ending their liberties in Nice, France.

For many years there was a Nice custom of converting the Roman fountain on the Place St. Francois so that it would spout wine instead of water. This conversion took place only on certain Sundays, but when it did, passers-by were allowed to drink their fill at no cost. During the war, however, the resort city was forced to discontinue the charming ritual.

With the return of peace, the Nice people have brought back the pleasant custom. Although there are many other good liberty spots in France the Marines are beginning to realize that none could be as nice as Nice.

### Going Down

In these days of skyrocketing prices it is refreshing to hear that somewhere in the world the dollar sign is taking a dive.

An editorial in the *North China Marine* recently announced: "Rickshaw fares are low now. Let's keep them that way."

However, the conception of "low" varies with the vicinity of the world to which it applies. Marines in China are paying \$7500 for a one hour ride in the picturesque vehicles. But the cost is still low, in fact it's \$22,500 lower than



the old price of \$30,000, a fee the Marines were accustomed to paying for the same length of time.

Of course, the stated prices are figured in Chinese National currency and the \$7500 counted out by Marines for an hour of coolie-pulling is worth about 20 cents in U. S. coin.

### Unknown Soldier of World War II

Nine unidentified bodies representing the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Corps and Coast Guard will be brought from the nine major combat zones of World War II, and from them will be selected an Unknown Soldier to rest beside the Unknown Soldier of World War I and share the nation's solemn homage. Under present War Department plans, the bodies will be returned from overseas sometime during 1948.

As in the case of the Unknown Soldier of the First World War, this second sacred symbol of sacrifice upon the parts of thousands of American men and women who lost their lives fighting for their country will represent both enlisted personnel and officers. And just as it is intended that the identity of the body shall be "known but to God," neither shall anyone know in what theatre of war the man died.

### Chatham County Memorial

A marble monument has been erected at the picturesque entrance to Forsyth Park, Savannah in honor of Chatham County, Ga., Marines killed in action during World War II. General A. A. Vandegrift, recently retired Commandant of the Marine Corps, dedicated it, and Mrs. Franklin Hart, wife of the commanding general of the Parris Island Marine Recruit Depot, unveiled it before an appreciative gathering of the dead Marines' families. Funds for erecting the monument were furnished by the Savannah Marine Corps League Detachment.

### Revival

Every dog has his day but a good story knows no end. Presently being circulated by the Corps' legendary tellers of tall tales is a Marine yarn so old that it reappears with a second growth of full beard.

Just as dusk swept over the dismal swamps of Guadalcanal, a Marine veteran of many weeks of combat observed an unfamiliar face among the members of his outfit. The man was fresh, clean shaven and displayed a newly-painted set of sergeant's chevrons on his smooth dungarees, all of which appeared very strange for front line duty.

An air-raid whistle interrupted the private's ogling and all hands dove for their foxholes. All except the unidentified sergeant who defiantly stood his ground. When the Jap plane appeared, a mere speck in the blue heavens, he followed it with the sights of his rifle, occasionally releasing a wild round.

Unable to watch this miserable demonstration of combat efficiency any longer, the private grabbed a three-foot-long club, walked up to the sergeant and began swinging it wildly.

"That's right, sarge," he said. "You get the high ones and I'll take care of the low ones."

### Mayor's Commendation

For valuable assistance in performing rescue and rehabilitation work during the recent New Orleans hurricane, the officers and men of the 10th Infantry Battalion, under the command of Major Horace A. Thompson, Jr., were commended by the city's mayor, DeLissups S. Morrison.

When the storm struck the Crescent City, personnel of the battalion volunteered to assist relief workers in moving families from low areas around the Mississippi river and Lake Pontchartrain.

### Trouper To Trouper

Evidently, one night stands proved too much for Hugh Brown, ex-corporal, USMC, because recently he removed that "ex" prefix from his rank.

Brown, who is known in the musical world for his trumpeting with symphony and dance orchestras, raised his hand and once again repeated "I do" before a Marine recruiting officer. It happened shortly after he had completed an engagement with Tommy Dorsey in New York City.

When he enlisted in the Corps in 1942, Brown was assigned to duty with the San Diego Base Band where he was on special assignment with the "Halls of Montezuma" Radio Orchestra. During his overseas tour of duty, Brown played on 39 Pacific Islands and in China with the Dick Jurgens unit. At the close of the war he was ordered back to the States by the Treasury Department to tour in a War Bond promotion drive.

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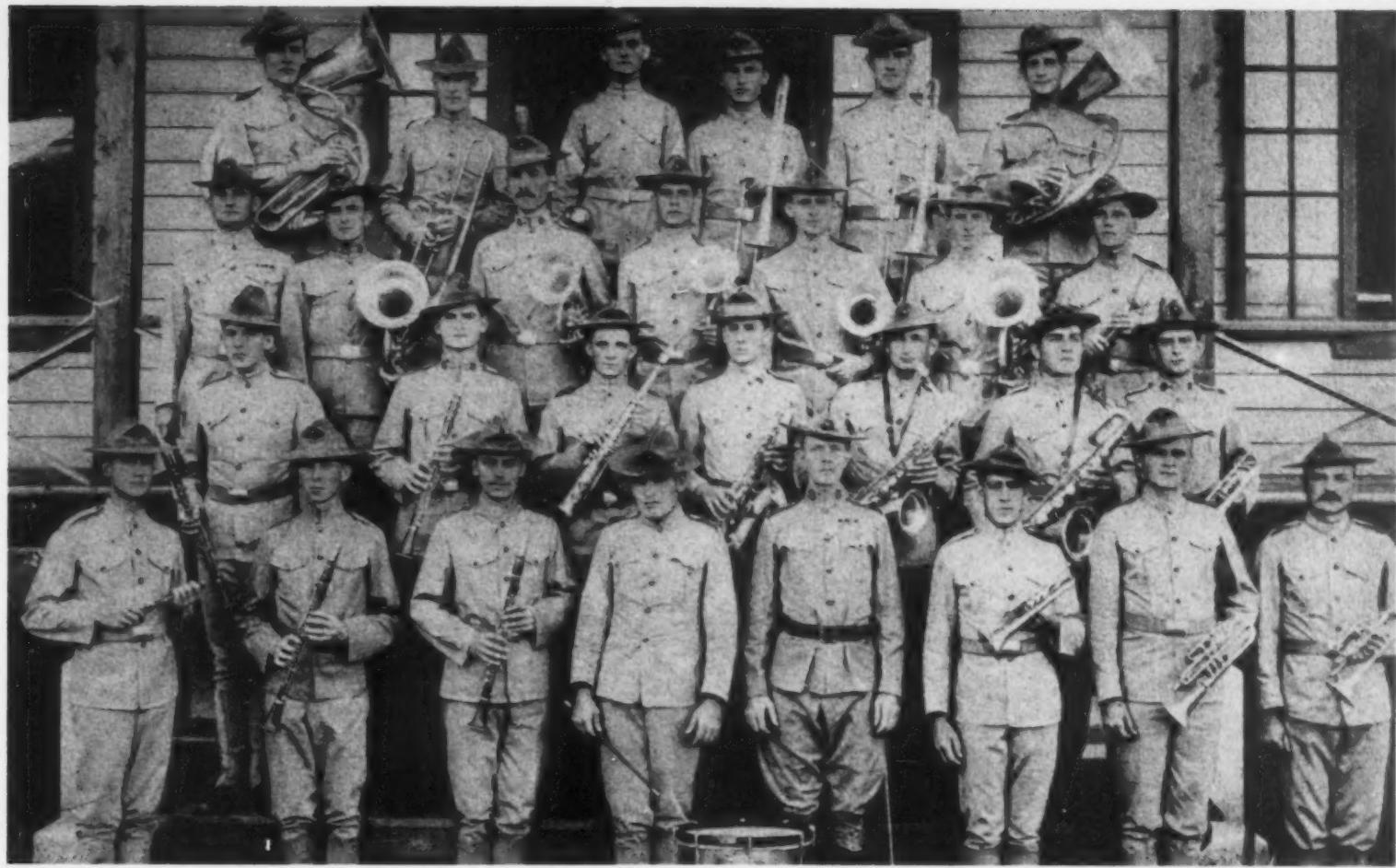
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Salty looking group of men aren't they? According to Peter R. Rudynski, second man from the left in the second row, they were the first Post

Band in the Marine Corps. It was organized in the Philippine Islands in 1908. Maybe some Leatherneck readers know of an older organization





"Operations Unification" is demonstrated by Army Sgt. J. A. Rich and WO W. D. Draper, right to left, at the recent "Exercise Seminole" in Florida

**L**EATHERNECK'S selections for the First Annual All-Marine Football Team will appear in the March issue. Biographical sketches of the players and an analysis of their season's gridiron achievements will be included.

**A** gold trophy, emblematic of All-Marine selection, will be awarded by *The Leatherneck* to each player honored in the selections.

**T**HE All-Marine team was chosen by members of the magazine's sports staff. Taken into consideration were the individual players' rating with home and opposing team coaches as well as the writers' observations of player performances at various games throughout the 1947 season.



When away from his home in Quantico, Jiggs the 5th, official Marine Corps mascot, eats in nothing but first class restaurants. He is shown

checking the menus with his trainer, PFC Clarence Strickley, left, and Corp. Robert C. Long, for fresh meat with a side order of ham bones

**WE THE MARINES (cont.)**



**The Corps' 172nd Anniversary  
was celebrated over the nation**



United Air Lines' Mary Webster sliced the cake when it arrived at Bethesda



At Los Angeles, Major General Louis Woods, right, and Major Donald Sapp, left, look on while Colonel Gregory Boyington applies his sabre to one of the birthday cakes



Actress Janis Paige lends her charming assistance to Van de Kamp Bakery's "Dutch" girl, Thelma Corfield. The cake was shipped via air to Marines at Bethesda Hospital



Recruit William Converse receives the first piece of the Dallas Marines' cake. MSgt. Earl S. Wade, center, did the recruiting



Surrounded by blue-clad Marines, MSgt. O. G. Stiles prepares to take the first piece of the Alameda Air Station's birthday cake

# JUST 3 EASY STEPS TO FINE ICE CREAM WITH KRAFT POWDERED ICE CREAM MIX



The easy way is often the best way. You'll find it so in ice cream making when you use Kraft Powdered Mix. Just add water, stir and freeze . . . you'll get smooth, rich ice cream every time . . . ice cream with that bring-'em-back-again goodness. Flavor variations are no problem either . . . simply add nuts, fruits, confections or flavors to your taste.

## Check these advantages:

- ✓ Homogenized, pasteurized fresh milk and cream and other ingredients in convenient powdered form.
- ✓ Handy-to-handle 4 1/4 pound tin . . . compact in volume, needs no refrigerated storage space.
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- ✓ Kraft laboratory control insures high quality and uniformity.

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# Sound Off

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

## "CURIOUS" ANSWERED

Sirs:

Upon glancing through the Sound Off column of the June issue, I ran across a letter from "a curious little girl," from Cottonwood, Idaho, regarding the likes or dislikes of servicemen toward the WR's, WAC's WAVES and SPARS.

Personally, although I can't speak from too much experience, I liked the idea of having women in the service. They certainly did many valuable jobs, both Stateside and overseas, as the article "Farewell To Charms," in June *Leatherneck* pointed out. I also think they helped in keeping the morale of the troops pretty high. Back in the days when I was a lowly boot at Parris Island, I know that I tried to look a little snappier when a WR was around. Much more than I did when the DI was after me. I guess that is a natural reaction with most fellows.

All in all I think the girls were an asset to the Corps, and all other services which included women in their ranks. Where "curious" ever got the idea that the boys were "just jealous" is beyond me. Maybe some of the fellows were, but I'll give you 10 to one odds that they were very definitely in the minority.

John A. Bole

Tiffin, Ohio.

\* \* \*

I would like to try and answer a question in Sound Off of the June *Leatherneck*. "A curious little girl" asked why did the men dislike WR's (Women Reserves.) I would like to know where she ever got that thought. Just yesterday a buddy of mine was telling me how the WR's at Parris Island were liked by all the men stationed there. I haven't heard any of the men complain about them yet. I thought they were a swell bunch of girls myself.

PFC. A. L. Piersanti  
c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

## FORMER CHINA HAND

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of that fine magazine, *Leatherneck*. I enjoy every item, especially the China stories since I spent the first four months of occupation in Tientsin and Shanghai.

There was a story on page 27 of the May issue entitled "The Pied Typers," which was especially interesting to me since the author, John Davies, and I were with *Stars and Stripes* in Shanghai together. Davies represented Third Corps and I was sent from the First Division to cover Marine activities for the Army paper in Shanghai.

The two of us were the first Marine correspondents ever to work on *Stars and Stripes* any place in the war areas. We lived with the Army boys at Shanghai and bent elbows with them in their PXs. I was recalled to Tientsin for passage to the Mainland after two months. Those associations with that great publication have been worth millions to me and I enjoyed it immensely. I thought you might be interested in knowing that there were two of us in Shanghai rather than one as suggested by your preface to the above-mentioned article.

Incidentally, Larry Harris, an Army correspondent, is now gathering dope for a Mail Call booklet on Shanghai Stars and Stripes. I have received the first copy.

Is *Leatherneck* receiving any postwar or other service items from discharged Marines?

Charles W. Jensen

Newton, Ia.

• Jensen is now managing editor of the Maytag News, a publication of the Maytag Company. Leatherneck's buying requirements are listed in the 1947 Writer's Market.—Ed.



"BONGO"

(continued on page 54)



The following first-named persons seek information concerning the whereabouts of the second-named.



**Ex-FM Corporal Joe Rydznski, 757 Purcell Ave., Cincinnati 5, Ohio,** would like to hear from friends he did duty with in the Marine Corps.

\* \* \*

**Bill Jackson, 405 W. Grand Ave., Sheffield, Ala.,** to correspond with Marines on duty at foreign stations.

\* \* \*

**PFC M. G. Gregory, USMCR, 915 Salem Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.,** to hear from men who were in Platoon 60, February, 1946, at Parris Island.

\* \* \*

**Medardo Navarro, 252 Pine St., San Bernardino, Calif.,** would like to hear from any former members of "Fighting" Easy Company, 27th Marines, Fifth Division.

\* \* \*

**Mike Cunningham, Charleston Fire Dept., Charleston, W. Va.,** to hear from any of the men who were in the Marine Detachment aboard the USS *Franklin*.

\* \* \*

**PFC Roy H. Bruce, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventeenth Marines, First Provisional Brigade, Guam, M. I.,** to hear from Arch L. Harchuck and Don Gilker, whose last known address was, 3rd Battalion, Fourth Marines, Tsingtao, China.

\* \* \*

**Mrs. Alice Grant, 92½ Centennial Ave., Apt. 24, Gloucester, Mass.,** to contact James Filyaw, USN, last known to be aboard the USS *Pasadena*.

\* \* \*

**Corporal Eugene F. Griswold, H&S Battery, 2nd Prov. Arty. Bn., Hdqtrs., Eleventh Marines, FMF, H&S Battalion, WesPac, c/o FPO San Francisco, to hear from John Green, Harding C. Parks and M. M. Spoonemore, all formerly attached to Marine Barracks, Corpus Christi, Tex.**

\* \* \*

**James H. O'Birne, Jr., 2030 F St., NW, Washington, D. C.,** to hear from men who came through Parris Island in Platoon 620, 1945.

\* \* \*

**Private Jason R. Shelton, ASN 19246361, Sq. E. Medics — Ward B-1, Scott Field, Ill. (ex-ACK "Te x" Shelton, USMC)** to hear from any of the men who were in K Company, 3rd Battalion, Twenty-second Marines, when they left Guadalcanal for Okinawa.

\* \* \*

**Ex-Sergeant Terrance L. O'Rourke, 591 Rd. Kellogg Park, Portland 2, Ore.,** to hear from friends formerly attached to Paramarines or Twenty-eighth Marines, Fifth Division.

\* \* \*

**Eldean Reed, 3715 SE 16th Ave., Portland, Ore.,** to hear from any Marines.

\* \* \*

**Joseph J. Havelka (ex-PhM 1-c attached to Fourth Regiment), Bldg. 6, Apt. #1, Touraine Ave., Port Chester, N. Y.,** to contact Harold E. Sergeant, last seen on Guadalcanal as a PFC with the Sixth Marine Division.

**John Williamson, 1827 Spruce St., Detroit, Mich.,** to hear from Ray Wilson, formerly with the 17th Service Battalion, Service and Supply, FMFPac, thought to live in Scranton, Pa.

\* \* \*

**Forrest (Pop) Carbaugh, 709 W. Van Horn, Independence, Mo.,** to hear from Platoon Sergeant H. W. Harmon, who wrote to him but failed to include a return address.

\* \* \*

**Andrew W. McCoy, RFD #5, Coshocton, Ohio,** from an old boot camp buddy, James E. Sumner, Platoon 136—1940, Parris Island, who lives somewhere in Georgia.

\* \* \*

**John M. Slattery, 909 N. Lincoln, Bay City, Mich.,** would like to contact any one who was connected with the Armed Forces Radio Station XBOR in Tientsin, China.

\* \* \*

**Hubert E. McAllister, 151 Todd Pl., NE, Washington, D. C.,** to contact William Barrett, whose father R. E. Barrett and brother Johnny Barrett were both Marines, formerly of St. Paul, Minn.

\* \* \*

**Peter J. Davis, 5620 N. Washington Blvd., Arlington, Va.,** to hear from an old buddy, William (Bill) Ellis, formerly attached to the First Division.

\* \* \*

**George M. Bowman, V. A. Hospital, Ward 4, Rm. 212A, Butler, Pa.,** would like to hear from any of the "Hayes Gang" at Panama, or men of the Twenty-Ninth Marines who knew him.

\* \* \*

**Francis S. Williams, 60 W. 83rd St., New York 24, N. Y.,** concerning the present whereabouts of Robert W. Lawrence, formerly with the First Division.

\* \* \*

**Master Sergeant C. A. Dundek, Office of Inspector-Instructor, 94 Streeter Drive, Chicago, Ill.,** to hear from hundreds of civilian Marines in the Chicago area interested in joining the 9th Infantry Battalion. Telephone Michigan 0422.

\* \* \*

**Lew Arthur, 2162 Valentine Ave., New York 57, N. Y.,** to hear from Marines who have realistic stories to tell of duty in China.

\* \* \*

**Robert Williford, 328 W. Grand River Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.,** from all the men who came through Parris Island in 1941 as members of Platoon 121.

\* \* \*

**David W. Meyer, 30 Cromwell St., Wheeling, Va.,** from an old Marine buddy, Robert L. Wilson.

\* \* \*

**Ellis J. Meese, 319½ S. James St., Ludington, Mich.,** from a Marine he met in Hawaii, P. A. Hayes, attached to MB NAD, Navy No. 66, whose rank at the time was private.

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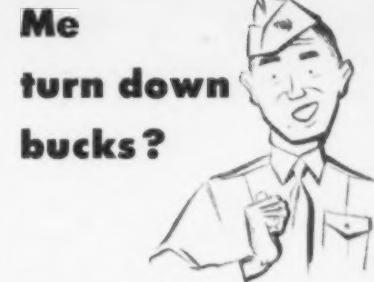
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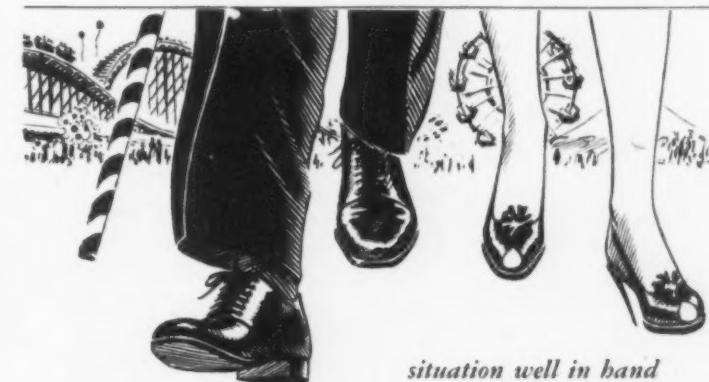
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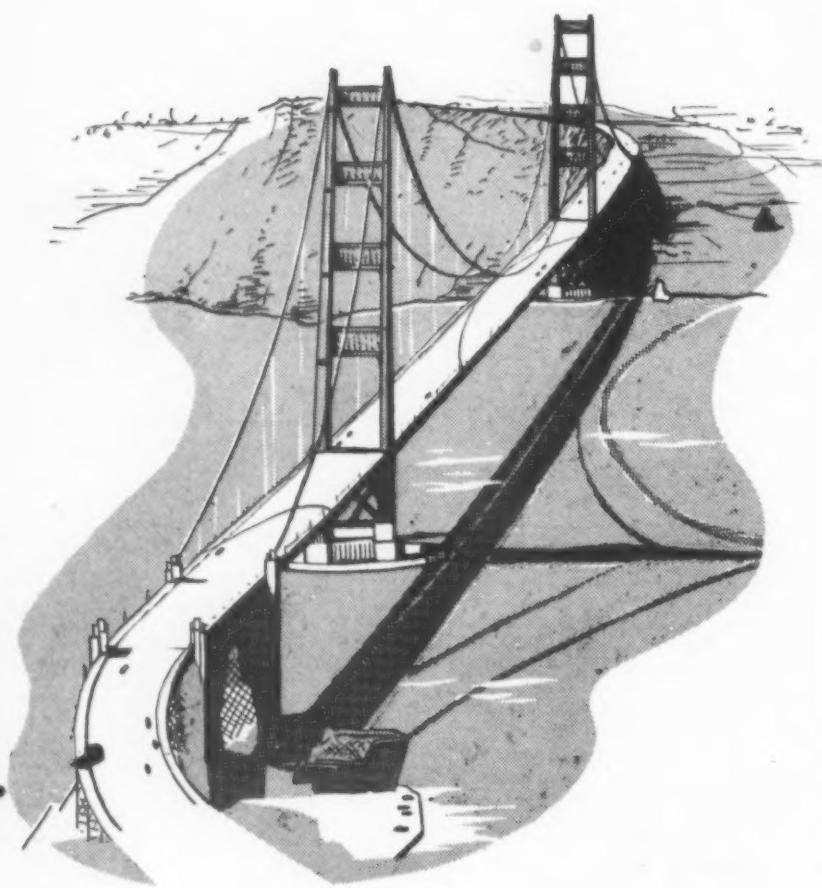
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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### DAGO A RACKET

Sirs:

What the hell happened to Gunther Gherkin? It was rough when Hashmark got himself discharged, but now that Gunther has gone the future looks dark. What's the dope?

I also want to add that I was at Parris Island and did the calisthenics described by a former Gyrene who signed himself "A one time PFC," from Nashville, Tenn. It didn't seem to be a routine exercise, but it was given to us (Platoon 652, Jan. '44) by one of our section leaders while on the rifle range.

Speaking of the old conflict about which is the rougher, 'Dago or P. I.; from what I saw of San Diego when I was discharged there, it is the original racket dreamed up by some politician.

Former PFC E. R. Mark  
El Paso, Tex.

### WE DID IT, TOO

Sirs:

In the September issue, Sergeant Vernon Langille, author of "Anniversary Review," stated: "While Rabaul was kept under control, (or neutralized) by Solomon's based planes, the invasion finger spread."

Well, we bombed Rabaul and Kaviang for seven months from Emirau Island, located in the St. Mathews group, using SBDs and PBJs. Men from squadrons 312, 244, 115 and the PBJ outfit will agree with me on this. I think we deserve the most credit for keeping Rabaul under control.

Ex-TSgt. Al Virgi  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• *Sgt. Langille belatedly recognized the importance of Emirau in keeping Rabaul under wraps. However, what he actually said was that "while Rabaul was kept under control by Solomons-based planes, the invasion finger—so far as the Japanese could figure it out—would sooner or later point to their naval bastion, Truk."—Ed.*

## DID THE THIRD GET NUC?

Sirs:

I read somewhere that the 6th Defense Battalion was awarded the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon for its participation in the Battle of Midway, June, 1942.

In the same engagement there were men from the 3rd Defense Battalion attached to the 6th for duty—about one battery of 37-mm. AA guns and the same of 20-mms. Are those men entitled to the Navy Unit Commendation?

TSgt. A. L. Bushlow  
Providence, R. I.

• *Headquarters has not published a list of the supporting units of the 6th Defense Battalion which will also rate the NUC. This will probably appear in the near future.—Ed.*

## THE "PACKS" SOUND OFF

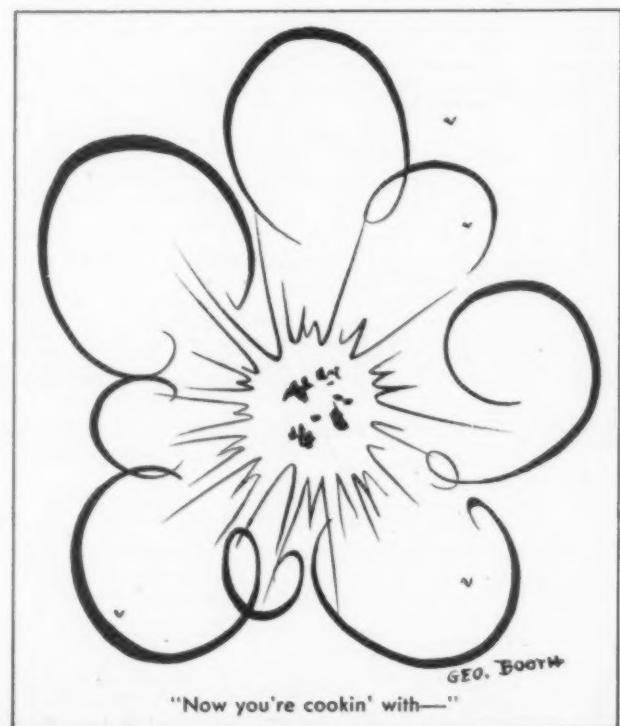
Sirs:

Each month I read the Bulletin Board, just waiting for word that the Pack Howitzers, Fifteenth Marines, got the Presidential Unit Citation. It is my understanding that they are the only unit of the Sixth Division that did not get it. The packs sure earned the right to wear it on Okinawa, just as much as any other unit.

Let me tell you the amount of ammunition the packs expended in direct support of troops taking Sugar Loaf Hill. If I recall correctly, we used 6000 shells in one 24-hour period and fired more than 55,000 rounds in the 82-day campaign. The Fifteenth was also the first artillery outfit to land a pack on the island, and fired the first shot within three hours after the infantry hit the beach. Doesn't that rate the PUC just as much as achievements turned in by some of the air wings which are getting it?

William Buihkowski  
Hastings-On-Hudson, N. Y.

• *The Fifteenth Marines were awarded the PUC along with the rest of the units of the Sixth Marine Division.—Ed.*



### HURLEY'S RANGE STORY

Sirs:

I have just finished reading "Moose" Graves' Range Story in Sound Off and agree that it was pretty good. I am not going to try and beat it, but would like to tell mine.

While coaching on the Range at Parris Island, S. C., in 1935, under Chief Marine Gunner Vaughn, this one happened which I thought was pretty good.

The Gunnery Sergeant was assigning six men to a target with a coach to each target. Sergeant "J" "D" Goff had the last target and the gunner ran out of recruits before getting to him. The gunner says: "Tomorrow if any of you coaches have any eight-balls send them down to Goff's target, and he will take care of them." So, the next day Goff ended up with about four eight-balls from different targets and he proceeded to give his all in coaching the lads and get them "in the money." From day to day as we fired the recruits over the range the coaches would ask Goff how he was making out with his boys, and he would always reply "fine, a bunch of experts." By record day it had become a joke with everyone on the range, including the recruits.

Well, we had reached the 500 yard line and just started firing slow fire when someone started sounding off with a few choice words that I will never forget. All the coaches dropped everything and ran over to see what was going on. There stood Goff in back of the firing line jumping up and down on his campaign hat and pulling the rest of his red hair out. When he had simmered down a little, someone asked what happened, and this is Goff's story:

"You see that eight-ball there on the line," and everyone nods in agreement. "Well, he was doing pretty good, but he was still bucking, so after a couple of shots I told him to line his sights up on the target and I was going to squeeze one off for him, just to show him how it was done."

"I placed my finger over his in the trigger guard, never looking at the target, and asked if he had his sights lined up on the target. He said that he did, and I squeezed it off. He never moved, bucked or anything. I was proud of the lad, and asked: 'How did it look, kid?' He replied, 'it looked pretty good, sir, but the target wasn't up.'"

Tell "Moose" I was saving this one for my book "Twenty Years at Parade Rest."

MSgt. Earl L. Hurley  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• Sound Off would like to have more such stories.—Ed.

### FIFTH GOT IT, TOO

Sirs:

I read in a recent issue of Leatherneck that the Third and Fourth Divisions received the PUC for Iwo Jima. How about the Fifth Division? They only took about 51 per cent of the island. I think they should have a little recognition too.

Dick Himes  
West Lafayette, Ind.

• The Fifth Marine Division's assault units received the Presidential Citation for Iwo Jima.—Ed.

### QUESTIONS AND PRAISE

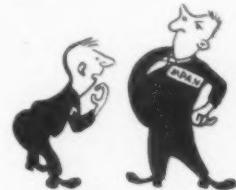
Sirs:

We have a big argument going as to whether or not the Navy has authorized the Occupation ribbon for Japan, and if any Marines rate it. I would like to know if there will be a history of the Sixth Division published.

I like your features, "Famous Dates in the Marine Corps," and "Posts of the Corps."

Corp. Dallas A. Barkdull  
Quantico, Va.

• There will be an occupation ribbon for Japan for naval personnel, but no general order has yet been published and until it has, no one in the naval service is authorized to wear such a ribbon. A history of the Sixth Division is being prepared, but no date has been set for its release.—Ed.



TERMINAL LEAVE DOPE

Sirs:

I enlisted on 13 September, 1946, and have had 24 days leave. I figure that with my two year enlistment, this should give me 36 more days out of two year's leave credit.

Now what I would like to know is will I be allowed to save up that 36 days and take it at the end of my cruise, or do I have to take my leave as it accrues? If I don't take any more leave will I be paid for it at the end of my cruise?

Cpl. Edward Howell  
Little Creek, Va.

• Letter of Instruction #1504 states that commanding officers will insure that all persons are afforded the opportunity and are encouraged to take leave as it accrues. However, you can accrue up to 60 days without losing any leave. There is no such thing as terminal leave anymore. You are now paid in cash for any unused leave on the books at the time of discharge.—Ed.

### ELEVENTH AT THE CAPE

Sirs:

The Eleventh Marines received the Navy Unit Commendation for services at Cape Gloucester, Peleliu and Okinawa. Would I rate the commendation if I served only at Cape Gloucester, or would I have had to make all three?

If I am entitled to this award when will I receive it?

Everett G. Scott  
McKownville, N. Y.

• Yes. Men who served in any one of the three campaigns would rate the Navy Unit Commendation. The commendations have not been prepared, and probably will not appear for some time yet.—Ed.

(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)



"Movie Star? Nah! Just a doll protecting her eyes against the wolves' DYANSHINE'D shoes."

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**G R E Y H O U N D**

SOUND OFF (cont.)

WHO SAID IT?

Sirs:

Who was first credited with the phrase, "With the help of God and a few Marines?" I am in a corner on this one and need a little help.

A PI-DI

Paris Island, S. C.

• Records seem to indicate that the phrase was first attributed to Admiral Dewey at the Battle of Manila Bay when he is quoted as having said: "With the help of God and a few Marines the victory will be ours." —Ed.



UNKNOWN MARINE

Sirs:

I have long wondered why they do not have a monument to the "Unknown Marine," like they have for the "Unknown Soldier."

Jack LePage

Brooklyn, N. Y.

• There is an old story about a grizzled Marine sergeant and a young Marine standing by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The youngster asked the sergeant why they didn't have a tomb for the Unknown Marine. "Son," the sergeant replied, "there is no such thing as an unknown Marine; maybe they don't know their names, but there is no doubt about them being Marines." —Ed.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICERS

Sirs:

Your article in the September issue entitled "Marines on the Air" was very interesting and the photographs were excellent. But, when did the Marine Corps adopt the rank of "Chief Warrant Officer"? Do you have a Navy sympathizer on your staff or was it merely an oversight on someone's part. I don't imagine Mr. Rauhof, upon whom the title was affixed, really appreciates it.

PFC. Charles C. Hamm  
Santa Anna, Calif.

• You are perfectly correct in that the title of "Chief Warrant Officer" should have been "Commissioned Warrant Officer." Sgt. Allen, who wrote the story, was more familiar with the old warrant officer rank, Chief Marine Gunner, and got his old and new warrant officers a little mixed up. And, we are sure that CWO Rauhof doesn't mind the designation, as it will probably recall some mighty pleasant memories for him—back in the "good old days" of Chief Warrant Officers—five cent beers and \$675 brand new automobiles.—Ed.

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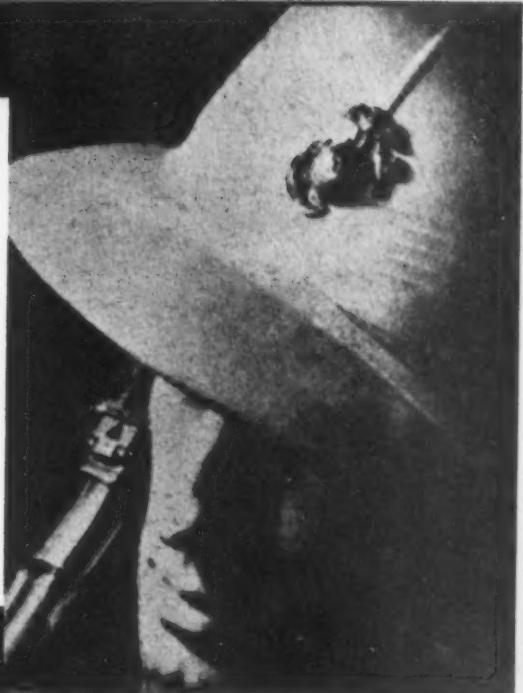
**EXTRA!!**

**GIZMO**—Eightball and Peep-sight have returned from the wars—Follow their escapades in  
**YOUR MAGAZINE**

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...WHY???



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IS WORTH AT LEAST \$150,000 TO ME!

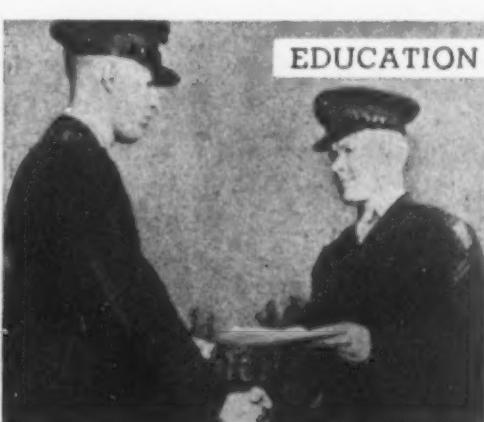
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY:—

I'm 21 years old and I'm finishing a 3 year hitch. If I go on in the Corps, with normal promotion, my pay over my 30 years of active service will come to more than \$50,000. Then if I retire on 30 as a Master Sergeant — at the age of 48 — and live to be 70, my retired pay will amount to another \$49,000. Add to that all the free rent, free clothes,

free chow, free medical and dental care that I get over the years — and no taxes, no financial worries — You can't beat it!!

For the same thing in civil life I'd have to earn \$3,000 a year for 50 years. There'd be no retirement — I'd have to keep my nose to the grindstone 'till the day I die.

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Smarten up...  
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**MARILYN MAXWELL**

*Responsible for that new look  
is RKO. It's gone to her head*



# return of the taisho

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

If Paramount ever decides to make a picture on Okinawa, it can certainly get plenty of cooperation from the natives by including one of its promising young players in the cast. A recent check of the Hollywood roster disclosed the fact that the wartime choice of the Okinawans for Island Governor is now well on his way to movie stardom.

At the close of the Okinawan campaign the commanding general of the Sixth Marine Division, Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, may not have been surprised by a visit from a venerable Okinawan scholar bearing a petition, but the element that did surprise him was the fact that this petition requested that a member of the general's staff, a Lieutenant Van Brunt, be allowed to remain behind as military governor of the island.

"If, while the traditional culture of Okinawa still exists," the document stated, "it were impregnated with the seeds of your newer civilization, this land would become a new paradise of the Pacific; its people would be brought into contact with the blessings of your world, and would repay you with their everlasting gratitude. However, to effect this end, it is absolutely necessary that there be placed in charge,



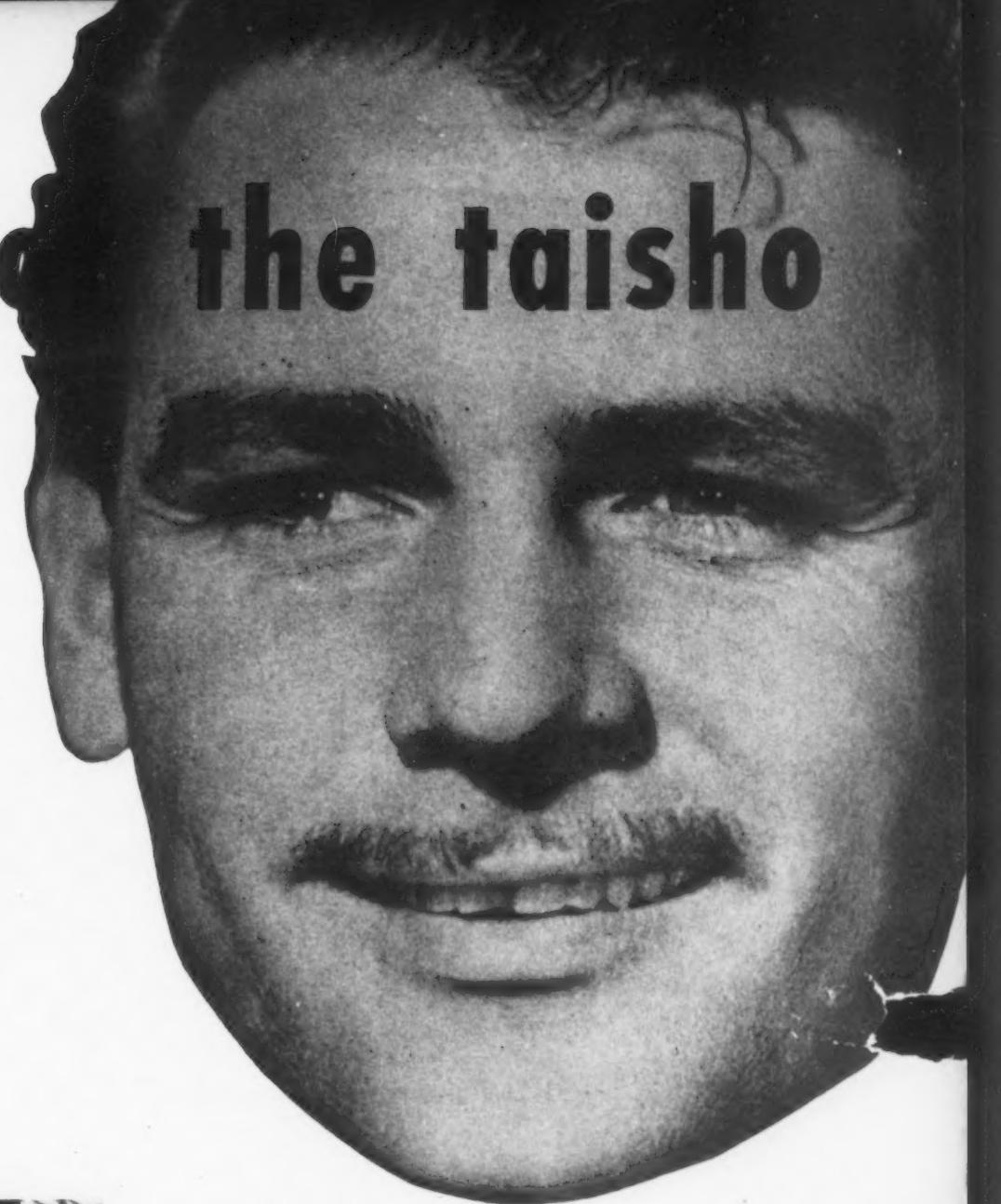
Van Brunt gave private performances for Nips on Okinawa. A cocked eyebrow and deep voice frightened information out of the prisoners

**Former Marine Tad Van**

**Brunt, Okinawa's adopted general,**

**is now being groomed by**

**Paramount for movie stardom**



## RETURN OF THE TAISHO (cont.)

people who understand and sympathize with the Okinawans.

"We feel that Lieutenant Van Brunt, by virtue of his understanding of Okinawa, is the person best qualified to undertake the rebuilding of the country, a work in which men of such character must not be lacking.

"Please deign to allow this lieutenant to remain with us, to succour our people, condescend to let him assist in the construction of a New Okinawa under the American government."

This was a most unusual request. There were men especially trained in the States to serve in the military government of newly conquered lands. And yet, from the thousands of Marines and soldiers who had been waging a bitter campaign against the Japanese, the Okinawans had chosen one Marine lieutenant to be their governor. Who was this man Van Brunt, and what had he done to deserve this tribute?

Tad Van Brunt, who is no longer a Marine, but a struggling actor on the Paramount lot in Hollywood, was born Frederick Baskerville Van Brunt in Yokohama, Japan, on July 22, 1921. His father, who is a devoted admirer of Abraham Lincoln, gave Tad his

nickname, since that was the name the Great Emancipator gave his eldest son. Mr. Van Brunt was formerly a resident buyer for several large import and export firms in the Orient. In his business it paid dividends to have a thorough knowledge of the Japanese people, their customs and language. In this environment his son had no difficulty in acquiring a similar understanding.

Tad grew up in Kobe where he attended the Canadian Academy along with the other American and European children of the foreign colony. His copious knowledge of the Japanese language, one of the most difficult in the world in which to attain fluency, was acquired while playing in the streets and sandlots with Jap children. He became familiar with the Japanese way of life, and, at an early age, learned how to make them respect him.

In 1939 the Van Brunts came back to the States and located in Ontario, Calif. Tad settled down to the normal life of any teen-age American youth. His appearances in school plays won for him a scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse dramatic school after his high school graduation.

A promising career on the stage or screen seemed to be in store for the handsome, broad-shouldered, six-footer. His booming, resonant voice, winning smile and graceful carriage attracted the attention of

talent scouts and Tad was on the verge of winning a screen test when Pearl Harbor intervened.

Tad didn't go directly into the Marine Corps. He enlisted in the Navy and since he had a thorough knowledge of the Japanese language and the country, he was sent to the University of Colorado where he spent a year on indoctrination and became a first class interrogator. With his background it was an easy assignment.

After graduation, students had a choice of either entering the Marine Corps or remaining in the Navy. Van Brunt had received his first glimpse of the Corps when he was a youngster accompanying his father on business trips in North China. He had fond memories of those colorful, devil-may-care men who composed the old Fourth Regiment. One of Tad's unforgettable boyhood impressions was made by a parade of the famed Horse Marines through the streets of Peiping. "I'll never forget them," he said, "So straight and erect in the saddle. They all seemed like giants to me."

It is little wonder that the polished interpreter decided on the Marine Corps. After a brief hardening period at Camp Elliott's Jacques Farm, he was whisked to Guadalcanal where the Third Division was in training for the coming campaign which eventually resulted in the retaking of Guam.

The former Marine lieutenant spends pleasant off-the-set time at the studio's drama school





Tad's most important performance to date is in "The Big Clock," a suspense thriller starring Ray Milland and Charles Laughton. Van Brunt plays the role of an employee in Laughton's publishing house

Van Brunt was a natural for the job of a front line interrogator. He would squat down on his haunches among Jap prisoners and talk to them in their own language. His extreme height and impressive appearance made the Japanese feel very inferior in his presence. An inherent actor, he could make them laugh until their round bellies quivered like jelly. On other occasions, however, a cocked eyebrow and a deep Barrymore voice were effective to make them tremble. Jap prisoners were willing to talk to Van Brunt and he gathered many valuable bits of information during the course of the fighting. Apart from his interrogating duties he picked up a Bronze Star for capturing and disarming a high-ranking Jap officer.

But it was on Okinawa that he established his fame for handling the Nips. An article in the November, 1945, *Leatherneck*, entitled "The Fabulous Taisho," described his exploits during the campaign. He had not been ashore for more than two weeks when Okinawan mothers were naming their newborn babies in his honor. As his fame spread, the people flocked across the quaint countryside to see him. Here was a white man who knew and understood them; who gave sympathetic attention to their troubles. He was the great, divine ambassador who could intercede for them before the formidable,

mechanized host. They had given him the name Taisho, which means general, and he had become their friend.

It was Van Brunt who dismissed these simple peoples' fear of rape, pillage, and exploitation and convinced them that America would set them free and help them to take their place in the sun as a prosperous, self-respecting nation. It is little wonder that they considered him the great, white father, and petitioned his commanding general for his services as their governor.

But Gen. Shepherd had more important things in mind for his number one interpreter. The Sixth Division was scheduled to go to China where thousands of Japs who made up the infamous Shantung Army were waiting to surrender to the American forces. Skillful linguists were valuable and Van Brunt couldn't be spared. So he spent the next few months in Tsingtao as the personal interpreter of Major General Keller E. Rockey, helping with the problems which arose from the surrender and subsequent repatriation of the Jap troops.

Before Tad had entered the service he had been promised an introduction to a Paramount executive by a friend of his family. One of the first things he did upon his arrival home, after his discharge early in 1946, was to remind this friend of the three-year-

## His Oriental

background made him

a natural for the

## job of front line interpreter

old promise. His benefactor took him to Paramount where a screen test was arranged with starlet Diana Lynn. The test turned out successfully. Tad was offered a long term contract, and he has been donning make-up and appearing before the cameras ever since.

At present Van Brunt is kept busy with a strenuous training course preparatory to his hoped-for "big break". He spends most of his time between minor roles on the set and his courses at the studio's talent department, where he is learning the tricks of the trade, memorizing lines and acting in small plays. It's tedious, painstaking work, very like snapping in on a rifle range. But the good-natured former Marine takes it all in stride and jokingly describes himself as "Paramount's secret weapon."

His most important performance to date is in "The Big Clock," a suspense thriller starring Ray Milland and Charles Laughton. He has a small part, playing an employee of Laughton's publishing firm.

Tad is unmarried, living a bachelor's existence in North Hollywood not far from the studio. But don't pity him. Hollywood is noted for its glamour gals, and the personable Van Brunt has little trouble latching on to an occasional curvaceous dish who might well have been the model for a Petty drawing. When he is not working or dating, he can be found in Los Angeles' "Little Tokio." Here he has discovered a tiny, out-of-the-way restaurant, where he can sit on the floor, sip tea, and shoot the breeze in the manner of the Orient.

Tad's rapid progress in pictures should come as no surprise to those who read of his adventures in the *Leatherneck*. The article not only described the big fellow as bearing a "startling resemblance to Clark Gable," but went on to say:

"He has given quite a performance west of the Golden Gate during the past two years. His has been a motion picture performance played against a vast, historic, and bitter screen. Hollywood cannot afford to overlook him . . ."

They didn't.

END



"Paramount's secret weapon" poses in the cab of an old model train on a historical set



Waiting for your horse, Tad? The hitching rail is in front of a replica of a horse opera saloon



The ex-interpreter's close resemblance to Clark Gable is evident in this photo



**WAR AS I KNEW IT.** By George S. Patton, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$3.75.

**W**HILE the Navy had the inimitable Admiral Halsey to capture the imagination of the American public, the Army came forth with the equally colorful General Patton who blazed a fighting trail of glory from Africa to Germany with his fast moving Seventh and Third Armies.

To vividly portray the multitudinous activities of this hard-hitting outfit, Gen. Patton himself records the day by day activities of his Army through the pages of his personal diary as well as the many letters to his wife. Unfortunately, Patton's untimely death in an automobile accident following the cessation of hostilities in Europe prevented his personal supervision of the story about his part in the war, but through the efforts of his wife a fine tribute is paid to a professional soldier in every sense of the word.

More than a mere technical account of an army's maneuvers, "War As I Knew It" presents a broad, understandable, strategical picture with many behind-the-scenes reasons for major decisions in the high command. Beginning with a flavorful account of the somewhat gaudy pomp and ceremony involved in the early days of the war in Africa, Patton leads the reader on a personally conducted travelogue of the legendary land traversed in this campaign, a travelogue punctuated only slightly by spasmodic fighting while the troops of the Western Task Force occupied city after city with few casualties.

The crossing of the Mediterranean and subsequent campaign in Sicily shows a gradual increase in tempo as the author's Seventh Army crushes the enemy in another short campaign that is given the appearance of another preliminary bout to set the stage for the main event in Europe.

Assuming command of the Third Army in July, 1944, Gen. Patton turns to his new task like a champion fighter who has finally found an opponent worthy of his talents. Through eight major campaigns, from the landing in France to the occupation of Austria, the lightning-fast Third Army with its "Napoleonic" leader reaches the heights of valor and achievement marked by the daring and military genius of "Georgie" Patton. Quick to criticize the strategy of other generals, particularly Montgomery, Patton exemplified the true spirit of a professional soldier by unflinchingly carrying out the orders of Generals Eisenhower and Bradley although

at times the orders might have been in direct conflict with his own ideas.

A firm believer in swift, unrelenting attacks and equally disdainful of waiting and assuming the defensive, Gen. Patton was always the tough, ruthless commander demanding nothing less than perfection from his subordinates. His picturesque strutting in untiring visits to all units of his command to bolster morale, his equally picturesque language in such matters as ordering his chaplain to pray for rain just before the Battle of the Bulge (the success of this prayer resulted in a medal for the chaplain), his unfailing devotion to the welfare of his individual soldiers, and his utter disregard for his personal safety make "War As I Knew It" highly interesting reading.

—R.A.C.

\* \* \*

**LUCKY FORWARD.** By Colonel Robert S. Allen. The Vanguard Press, Inc., New York. \$5.00.

**R**OBERT S. Allen was co-author with Drew Pearson of the syndicated newspaper column, "The Washington Merry-Go-Round." He spent the years of World War II serving with distinction on the staff of General George S. Patton, Jr., a driving personality no less colorful than himself. On the basis of his firsthand knowledge of European battle history in World War II and his personal contacts with the general at daily staff conferences, Colonel Allen has written the graphic story of the Third Army's victorious sweep across Europe.

With the possible exceptions of Generals MacArthur and Eisenhower, Patton was perhaps the most widely known soldier of the war. In Allen's eyes, he was by far the outstanding strategist. The author gives some concrete reasons for his views in "Lucky Forward," a book which takes its name from the code designation of the Third Army in the field.

Employing the same smashing fearless writing technique that characterized "The Washington Merry-Go-Round," Allen unequivocally states that the Allies defeated Germany, not because of SHAEF, but in spite of it; that had Patton's strategy been followed the war would have been over in 1944, and that politics and personal jealousy of Gen. Patton cost thousands of American lives through arbitrary overruling and slowing down of the Third Army.

This is certainly not a very pretty picture, but Bob Allen is scarcely the person to gloss over anything that smacks of corruption. Whether he has painted an uglier picture than necessary is a matter of conjecture, but if we are to believe all or even part of what Allen relates, we must greatly discredit General Eisenhower and the British General Montgomery.

As Allen relates it, Patton became aware of the politics and jealousy soon after the invasion of Europe. With the Third Army on the right flank of the Allied line, which was facing generally in a southerly direction, Patton, using fast and hard-hitting tactics, was able to surround the Germans on two sides and most of the third, with the First Army and British forces containing them on the fourth side. All that was necessary to completely surround the German forces was to

close an 18-mile gap around Falaise, which Patton thought he could do in a matter of hours. However, SHAEF ordered him to hold where he was. Later Patton learned that Gen. Montgomery demanded and received permission to close the trap. This task took Montgomery three days, during which time thousands of the enemy escaped the pocket.

This was only the first of a series of similar situations, among them the disheartening transfer of the XV Corps from the Third to the First Army the day before this corps entered Paris. Thus, the honor of liberating the French capital went to General Hodge's First Army. Patton, however, continued his pursuit across France, and although clashes between himself and the higher echelon were frequent, he persisted in keeping the enemy on the run. Then came the situation which received a big play in the newspapers at the time: Patton ran out of gas. This blow was the hardest of them all. With the Germans falling back swiftly along the entire front of the Third Army, Patton had to hold. In addition, Patton's staff was convinced that SHAEF had the gasoline for Patton, but was deliberately withholding it.

It is not the intention of this reviewer to mention all of the setbacks that Patton faced from his superiors. Time and the capture and killing of Germans solved them, but each rebuff served to strengthen the Third Army staff's conviction that the Allied European offensive was grossly mismanaged.

"Lucky Forward" makes for salty, heart-warming reading, whether or not you share Allen's opinion that Patton was the subject of discrimination. The actual tactics of the Third Army are shown in a clear, easy to follow manner. In addition, there are many of Patton's pungent speeches and discourses, which enable the reader to get a clear picture of the general's military daring and his personal attributes. From these, it is clearly seen that Patton is one of the outstanding strategists of the recent war. One little speech which shows this very well, is the one which Patton delivered to a corps commander who was worried about the Third Army's weak right flank.

"Forget this business of worrying about our flanks. We must guard our flanks, but not to the extent we don't do anything else. Some fool once said that flanks must be secured, and since then generals all over the world have been going crazy guarding their flanks. Flanks are something for the enemy to worry about. Not us."

—W.F.K.



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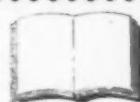
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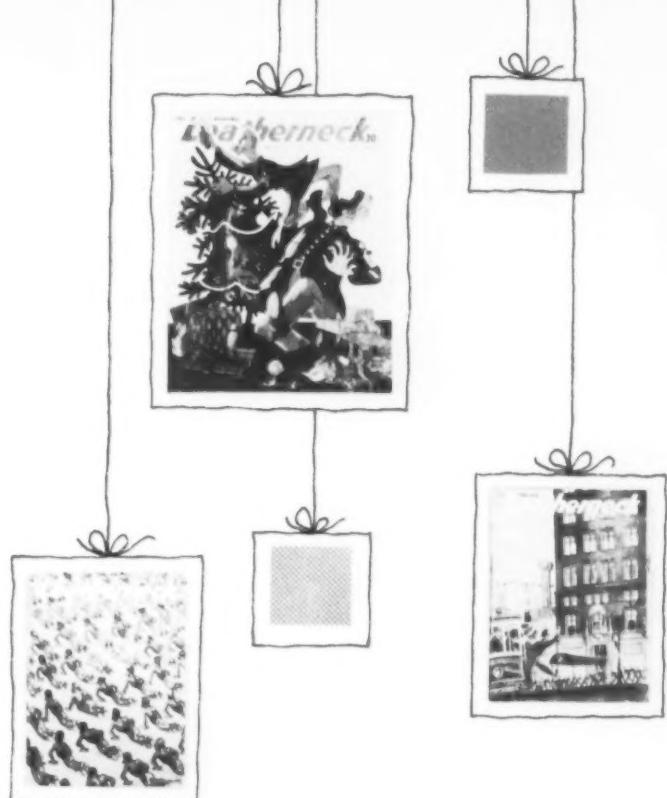
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